

Page 2-9-16



Vol. 1 No. 8

HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

June, 1937

Welcome Convention Delegates!

To the many visiting delegates to the 20th Century-Fox World Sales Convention, the 3,500 members of the studio proudly extend a hearty welcome. May your stay here be a refreshing source of business information and healthful pleasure.

This magazine—CLOSE-UPS—is the personal publication of the working personnel of the studio. It is written by, and about, those who are employed in the making of 20th Century-Fox pictures. Its aim is to foster, and bring to highest perfection, the spirit of cordial relationship among studio employes.

As spokesman for its readers, CLOSE-UPS is proud of the 20th Century-Fox sales forces who have compiled such a magnificent record throughout the world, and are now gathered in Hollywood to receive fresh inspiration for greater sales achievements to come.

We believe that when you visit the 20th Century-Fox Studios you will find here the finest and most cordial spirit to be found in any studio in Hollywood. It is a spirit of amity toward our fellow workers and toward our executives. We believe that ours is the best studio, that we have over us the best picture-making minds, and that 20th Century-Fox provides the public with the best of all motion picture entertainment.

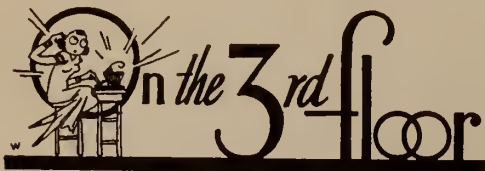
In that spirit, we salute you of the 1937 World Sales Convention, and welcome you into our midst as one of us.



Vol. 1, No. 8

June, 1937

NAT DYCHES.....Editor
 DOC BISHOP.....Managing Editor
 OLLIE PAINTER.....Asst. Managing Editor



By GLADYS LANDERS

HARRY TUGEND tells of being awakened every morning about five by a peculiar b-r-r-ing sound which vibrated through the walls and simply drove



GLADYS LANDERS

him nuts. This went on for a period of months. He complained to the real estate agent, who decided that it was in the water pipes. Yards of plumbing were torn out and replaced. Still the walls quivered and hummed at about dawn. The landlord in New York was wired, and he authorized the installation of a new water heater. That done, the Tugend family settled down to a decent night's sleep—they hoped! Came five a.m., and again it started—that horrible noise. Mr. Tugend, showing manifestations of insanity, routed out the plumber and together they stalked grimly through the house, feeling water pipes, trying to locate the disturbance. "Ah!" yelled Mr. Tugend at length. "Here it is! This is it!" Gleefully he pointed out the pipe. He and the plumber rushed outdoors, looked up. On the roof, doggedly trying to make a hole in a tin drainpipe, was a WOODPECKER!

Dilly birds, woodpeckers. Ed O'Fearn says one of them dented its beak on a cement tree which was part of a set.

Howard Smith turned up at the studio the other day in an ice cream suit. Very white, and very nice, too. The kidding started in his own office, and spread until, by his own admission, he had been accused of being: a

street sweeper; an interne; a houseboy; a janitor; a milkman. . . It was all in fun, but Mr. Smith finally, in defense, dashed home and changed to a gray sports suit!

Idelle Berkson recently sold two poems to a national magazine. For cash, too. And isn't that swell!

Boris Ingster becomes a landlord with his acquisition of a beautiful lot in Benedict Canyon. He plans to build a home there in the near future.

When you see all those assistants peering out of offices and hurrying down the hall—they've just caught a glimpse of the lovely dramatic red hair of Arleen Whelan.

Dorothy McBrayer, the lucky gal, is on her way to New York. She will stop in Texas and North Carolina, en route. And that sounds like a really elegant vacation for Dottie.

Milt Gross evidenced quite some trepidation prior to his leaving for New York. It seemed he was going by plane and was having tummy-quivers on account of it was his first flight.

Jack Yellen, we'll have you know, is a rustic at heart. And if you don't think so, just get him started talking about his farm in Springfield.

In to see Hortense Lynds this day, was Mrs. Eisenman—Florence Sell, to you who remember her as Colonel Joy's former secretary. With Florence was her young daughter, Jerry Ann, who expected everybody she saw to somehow be Shirley Temple. Jerry Ann told us all about her five-months-old brother, whose name, she tells us solemnly, is "Peter Rabbit."

Arline Pinks admits shamelessly that she didn't go home at all the other night. Nor the next day. . . We were getting ready to say, "Boy, what a bender THAT must have been!"—when Arline explained that she and Eli Nielsen had a rush job on the "Danger—Love At Work" script. So they worked right through to get it out—and kept on working the next day. Well, anything can happen in this business—and does!

Wasn't it grand that Helen Vreeland and Hilda Vincent sold that screen story to RKO? Everybody, hereabouts, was so proud and glad for them.

Jack Yellen has a stopper for son David's little-boy tantrums. All he does is to threaten to put David in the movies. It works like a charm.

"Mugsy" Farrow Wins Girls Golf Tournament

Marguerite "Mugsy" Farrow, script department, is the first lady to become golf champion of the 20th Century-Fox Studios, having won her title by virtue of scoring a brilliant 61 gross at the Rancho Golf club on May 9th. This is one stroke better than that of Paula Millard, Grace Lloyd and Hortense Lynds and three strokes ahead of Geneva Sawyer, and Marcorita Hellman, who finished in a tie for third place with 64s.



Jack Codd, tournament chairman, and his committee, should again be congratulated on the success of the women's golf tournament. It was a grand affair, and the girls are anxiously awaiting the showing of the pictures, but more so, the awarding of the prizes.

Clara Bing was one of the "big" hits, and probably had as good a time as any. She will

be awarded a citation for bravery and meritorious service while under fire.

Bouquets to Helen Kurtz, secretary, for having turned in the highest score of the day, 214, which is 62 strokes back of Artemis Komenos.

The exploding golf balls furnished considerable amusement to the gallerites, but not to little Gladly May. She was absolutely scared stiff, and ran screaming from the markers back to her boy friend, who was just able to keep her from becoming hysterical.

Bill Whitley, A.S.C., had about as good a time as anyone on the ninth green, where he sat "cranking" the girls as they finished.

Marcorita Hellman is an excellent golfer, but couldn't seem to hit her stride. With any kind of a break she might have won the event.

Neva Orcella Meade was keenly disappointed with her 76. Unfortunately she sprained her wrist on Saturday, which accounted for about 30 extra strokes.

Billie Hillerman furnished a few of the highlights of the day, and as a result her golf game suffered considerably.

Dolpha Smith can vouch for the excellent food served by LaVerne Nichols in the lunch room—judging from the amount she consumed.



By BETTY WILCOX

BEING an amateur columnist certainly has its advantages and its disadvantages—what with several libel suits, our ambition toward scribing is not what it used to be—anyhoo, it's all in fun!



BETTY WILCOX
gorgeous sparkler.

George Weiss buying that new Chrysler Imperial car.

Allen McNeil's new summer wardrobe—and everything made to order.

Fay Walker's new hillside home.

Al De Gaetano entertaining on a lavish scale at his new beach home.

Walter Thompson's new car—top down and quite swanky.

Barney Wolf ordering a la carte—instead of the usual plate lunch.

And your correspondent getting back to a blonde and having the little old Ford polished.

WHY WE THINK PROSPERITY IS HERE:

Richard Skidmore's new 49 foot yacht.

The Colberts "blessed-eventing" again.

Bill Claxton sealing the heart-throb with a ge-



Studio Employees' Club



By MAY STANHOPE

HEAR YE!—With prices soaring in all directions, here's some welcome news. If you contemplate buying a new or used car, do not fail to find out about the special considerations offered to Studio Club members by Valentine-Pelton Motor Company of Beverly Hills. They handle Dodge and Plymouth cars . . . also a fine line of used cars. Full details may be obtained by calling May Stanhope on Station 109.

**THIS SPACE
RESERVED
FOR A
GOOD
PHOTOGRAPH**

Flowers—for every occasion and only the best. Through the courtesy of California Floral Company, Studio Club members enjoy special consideration on their floral requirements. You may place your order with the Studio Club Secretary, Station 109—more of the best for your money; satisfaction guaranteed.

WIN A CAR RADIO—Studio Club members, who pay their dues by July 1, up to the end of 1937, will be entitled to participate in a drawing for a lovely \$55 Philco car radio donated to the club by Valentine-Pelton Motor Company. Contact your Studio Club department director or May Stanhope.

Literary Club goes to Post With Nine Starters—Ruby Thurnherr's idea for forming this group has met with enthusiastic response from all corners of the lot. Among the members are included secretaries, script girls, page and mimeograph boys, and men from the Insert, Transportation, Film Loading, Grip and Janitor departments.

Out of the twenty members registered, the following nine attended the first meeting, held Thursday night, May 20: Prudence Anderson, Idele Berkson, Muriel Bermudez, Isidor Besbeck, Jack Chandler, Henry Guttman, Gladys Landers, Jean Mitchell and Ruby Thurnherr.

Plans for future operation were discussed and Ruby Thurnherr was elected chairman of the group. It was decided to have members submit their plays, screen material, short stories and literary articles directly to Miss Thurnherr, who then will arrange programs from the material received.

It is planned to have an open forum discussion, with suggestions for improvement and revision of work. Authors' names will not be disclosed until after their material has been read and criticized, or until after revision is made, if they so desire.

All story ideas will be kept very confidential by the group and only those with a vital interest in the work are encouraged to attend. It has been suggested that writers protect their interests by mailing a copy of their material to themselves before submitting it to Miss Thurnherr, who may be reached at Station 424.

For the present, the group plans to meet every two weeks. The next meeting will be held on Thursday night, June 3, at 7 o'clock in Projection Room 6-A, located in the new cutting building.

CAMERA CLUB PRESIDENT WINS AGAIN—Twice in succession, Ralph Townsend, President of the Camera Club, has run away with the honors. His print, "A Bit of Algeria," appears in this issue, for first place in the May competition awarded by Mr. Julius Cindrich, past president of the Los Angeles Camera Club, who acted as judge. The nine other awards for the month went to: Ralph Townsend, James Gibney, Glenn Beer, Fred Warrington, Joe Aiken, Ben Berg, Fred Warrington, Glenn Beer and E. L. Grant.

Prize winning prints in the March and April competitions, recently shown at Harry Champ-lin's camera shop in Beverly Hills, were well received.

Members are invited to submit prints to "The Bridge," the national Credit Union magazine, for publication in its kodak section. Please contact the Studio Club Secretary if you have anything to submit.

The subject for the June competition, to be held on the 16th, is "Nature and Wild Life." Everyone with an interest in photography, no matter how limited their knowledge, is invited to attend meetings and submit prints.

The next meeting of the club will be held on Wednesday, June 2, at 8 p.m. in Projection Room 5, Sound Building.

BARNEY GOES TO BAT—Because the Studio Club donated a dozen balls and bats to the baseball team, Barney Wolf, "father" of the team who usually stands most of the expense in connection with the boys' pastime, sends the club this note:

"I want to express my thanks to the entire club committee for the generous donation of bats and baseballs which we received. I hope the baseball team finds many base-hits in these new bats.

"Thanks again.

BARNEY WOLF."

Thank you, Barney. The baseball team and the Cutting Department both bat 100% with the club, too.

Publicizing the Publicity Hounds

By DOROTHY ARDEN

WHEREIN the caprices, the idiosyncracies, ingenuities and weaknesses of the publicity-workers are revealed without malevolent intent—but with just a dash of whimsy:



Jack Mulcahy (with visions of a great uncovered territory) once tried to sell a boatload of brassieres to the innocent maidens of Bali. The men ran him off the island.

DOROTHY ARDEN Ray Dannenbaum, a former Fuller Brush salesman, used to recite poetry to the more suspicious housewives. A liberal copyist after the classic poets, he sold most brushes when he recited Lucrece.

Milt Howe, you will be surprised to know, punched cows (but not bulls) in South Dakota.

Johnny Miles once spent \$8,000 trying to bring the Blarney Stone to the United States for exhibition purposes but the Irishers drove him out and the London cops got him. Some years later he tried to bring the Wall of China in pieces to the United States, but this time the asylums got him.

Les Vaughn was an ephebion—enough said!

Bernie Schermer used to fit high hats on Hollywood swell heads until sizes above 8½ ran out.

Ruth Dunlap was a cub reporter on the Minneapolis Journal.

And Frances Deaner was with the Red Cross during the war, giving smelling salts to frightened second lieutenants.

Charlie Raudebaugh used to average two bedrooms a week as San Francisco's leading dealer of intimate and candid newspaper pictures.

Jim Denton was a journalism professor. He found out, at last, that it's more profitable to practice than preach.

Gordon Gordon exploited the Mexican Indians as an explorer. His findings are gathering dust—somewhere.

Doc Bishop used to pare the toenails of ailing Forest Service pigs, cows, deer and skunks. He

really was the lowest form of doctor, a veterinary.

Troy Orr used to hoof in pictures, the dear boy.

And so did Margerie Hockley.

Charlie Goldie mismanaged an orchestra on an European trip.

Jack Woods took up newspaper photography in order to meet more divorcees.

Jack Cooper used to sell second-hand wedding rings.

Jerry Solomon still is the perennial school-boy.

Annarea Maher used to stretch for high c's.

Sonja Wolfson was a toe-dancer in Hoboken.

SWEETNESS AND LIGHT DEPARTMENT

Jack Mulcahy and Doc. Bishop should have a fat telephone list when they finish securing hostesses for the convention.

Dick Skidmore rented two Boy Scouts to take on his yachting trip. He was going to buy a compass but found the boys were cheaper. Then too, he could rub them together when he needed a fire.

Report has it that George Weiss has worn out three more Paris girdles and has fallen away to a ton.



Ever notice how hard it is to get a picture of Jack Cooper? In this latest candid shot, Jack had just spent his entire savings hiring the Bennett car and 'Ty' Power to chauffeur so he could impress his latest "Mimmie."

Bob Doman's been sued by the old Than-houser Company for stealing catch lines from their 1904 production of "Strawberry Nell Rides Again." Now we know what those musty old books are that he has been pouring over so ardently.

Norm Manning's wearing "tails" to the convention banquet so he can be distinguished from the waiters.

Charlie Raudebaugh has changed his socks for the season!

And Jim Mitchell is too young and innocent to have a past.

(to be continued in the next installment).

By ERIC STONE

THE members of the Still Department, who were not mentioned in the last issue of the "Close-Ups" are hereby duly introduced:



ERIC STONE

As long as we are on the subject of golf I'll begin with Bob Shaw, the shining light of the department in the men's tournament. He shot an 81. Received for his effort a GREAT BIG mirror (to study stance, knee-action, etc. for the next turf-contest.)

Ray Smith, most of you probably know. He had quite a "bit" part in the motion picture, "How to ruin a golf course in twelve hours." He did the "hula" with a driver . . . remember? Great kid! Take a bow, Ray.

Arthur Shipman doesn't play golf. It won't be held against him, however, in view of his other virtues. He has been with the Co. . . . what is it Arthur, 8 or 10 years? His record speaks for itself. (By the way girls, he is a bachelor.)

(Some people have offered me two-bits per week to leave their name out o' this column, but here's one guy that can't be ribbed. Anyway, they haven't come anywhere near my price . . . yet.)

Miss Jeanette Mertz, our head-retoucher, threatens to wring my worthless neck if I dare mention her name, so if you see someone running around the "lot" headless, it'll be me. . . . Anyway she is a 'swell' person, and almost the best retoucher in the business, bar none. How is that, Jeanette?

Esther Cassell, being the only girl in the department with enough 'intestinal fortitude' (I borrowed that fraze from Mitzie) to enter the ladies' tournament, deserves an extra big "Cup". We understand Esther spent a goodly part of the afternoon replacing divots. (We are not vouching for the veracity of the last statement.)

Last but not least, we have Elmer "Dingbat" Glassburn, B.A., B.B., R.M.U.T., airbrush artist extraordinary. (Anyone wishing to learn what the mysterious letters after the name stand for, may get the information by sending their name, age and address to this department, and we will be glad to tell you all about it.) In addition to all this, he is somewhat of a culinary expert. His New England dinners are very delicious.

There are still a few members that I'll have to save for the next issue, as I don't know just how far Doc Bishop will let me carry on with this sort o' highbrow "stuff."—Ay tank you.



By GENEVRA JACKSON

FLASH! Joe Keenan's small South American parrot "Skeezicks," for seven years a member of the household and believed to be a Mr. has turned out to be a Mrs. Just a day after Mother's day while Joe was shaving, the bird perched on the bathroom window-sill and proceeded to lay an egg. It seems that Skeezicks had been acting very affectionate and clucking like a hen, but Joe thought nothing of it. Skeezicks has now laid three eggs and Joe is seriously considering placing the eggs on the market.



GENEVRA JACKSON

"Slim" Selvidge is altar-bound with a very attractive young lady. She must be attractive or Slim wouldn't like her. At least one brunette has expressed regret at the announcement.

Questions we'd like answered:
If ghost writers went on strike, who would do the picketing?

Do you have to crawl to crawfish? Evidently you do from all we can gather. Orville McCann, Carl Faulkner and Art Wright went crawfishing with Orville (Barbara Stanwyck once called him that) taking a fall in the crick. He insists he went in after Carl Faulkner but we probably never will know all the details. A jar of their quarry was mute evidence of the fact that they really went crawfishing.

Where did Cableman Greffrath get the nickname "Rifraff?"

FRIENDLY FEUDS: Bernard Freericks and Al Root, with the former one up at this writing. Another feud, more of the pencil breaking variety, reached an acute stage recently when one feudist offered to send grapenuts during the other's tonsilectomy.

Al Bruzlin suggests a new name for a dessert: LANCER SPY.

What sound man now qualifies as Tarzan since his recent perch atop the light parallels on the Taurog set?

Don Flick will be maintaining open house for the next month or two as Mrs. Flick has gone East for a visit. It is rumored that everyone is cordially invited. Some of our Dept. have already been vacationing, Fred Casey in Chicago and Harry Miller in Colorado.

The Rancho Golf Course must have looked like No Man's Land after the Ladies' Golf Tournament. What a smacking and whacking & general beating it must have taken from all the would-be Hagens.

The Projectionists Bowling team defeated the Camera Dept. May 19th, advancing them from sixth to fourth place. This they say was 'without any outside help.'

"Hobby" Hobson has a pair of binoculars. He says the only time he uses them is on fishing trips.

Who'd imagine that big Bill Snyder was so soft hearted that he would break down and cry! Snyder and Art Wright went to Muroc Dry Lake to get sound tracks of live bombing at the Air Maneuvers but spent the day in tears. Everyone wore masks during a tear gas raid but after the masks were removed whenever dust would be stirred up the crew would start weeping. 'Tis said that Bill Snyder shed huge crocodile tears during the day and on the trip back.

At the Camera Club meeting May 19 Ralph Townsend was awarded first and second place for his entries, Glen Beer fourth and Joe Aiken sixth place. We're surely proud of these artists of the lens. The subject of this competition was "Architecture."

Our sincere sympathy to Harold Roddan in the recent death of his wife.

Credit where credit is due. While the Sound Dept. has no team in the Bowling League it has loaned two top players to the Process Dept.



By THE GANG

THE sound effects cutters are spreading out these days. Al Dripps and Dick Joseph have annexed two rooms in the old Cutting Room Building. Two of the very latest moviolas with automatic brakes, free wheeling, etc. have been purchased.

Monte Robson is on his vacation. Does anybody know his forwarding address? No, he 'forgot' to leave it.

The effects tracks cut our local Isaac Waltons may have a distinctly fishy flavor—it being that season of the year. Gene Previdi caught a brook trout one inch long just off the Southeast corner of his bench. Earl Vest helped him land the Leviathan and Slip Carruth helped the gaff.

Al Dripps was stopped at the gate recently with one of our fine new fire hydrants under his arm. It seems his pooch had a birthday.

The Rerecording bowling team will be hard to beat from now on. 'Tis rumored they added a couple of Pro's to their team. . . . Beware! Added Note: May 19. Picked up 3 points off the Garage. How's that!

May 17 was an unlucky day for 'Banker' Leonard. He had only one bank to draw on???

Flash! A puzzle scoop. . . . Via the grapevine. . . . In 12 working days Roger Heman, Harry Leonard, Andy Anderson, Ray Dunne saw 4,000,000 frames of flickers. How many did each see? Ask Ralph Hickey for the answer.

Wonder what Oregon has that California hasn't? 75% of the boys are heading there on their vacations.

For a great big laugh, see Carol (Moose 'I mean') Knudson at work.

Slip (Atlas to you and me) Carruth has added vitamin P T X Z to his diet. . . . He heard they were going to build several more stages.

Weslie Jones In Bad Accident

Miss Weslie Jones, secretary to Mr. Dover, while returning to her home last Thursday, was painfully, but not seriously, injured in a head-on collision in which she suffered a fractured kneecap and abrasions on the face, neck and chin.

This accident occurred on Pico Blvd. about a mile east of the studio. The other car, which was occupied by a young man and girl, skidded 60 feet and was 10 feet on the wrong side of the road at the time of the impact. Both cars were demolished.

Miss Jones had just taken a girl friend to her home, and was returning to her own home at the time of the accident.

Her many friends on the lot wish her a speedy recovery.

WESTERNERS MASONIC CLUB

Meeting & Breakfast

8 a.m., Sunday, June 6, 1937

Sunset Arbor

6700 Sunset Blvd.

Hollywood, Calif.

Speaker—Judge Wm. Rhodes Hervey
ALL MASONS INVITED



By **DON MORGAN**

GALLOWAY . . . Danning . . . Alexander . . . Palamountain . . . Betkijian! That's the Garage bowling quintet which is roosted—temporarily, so say the other teams—in first place in the Studio Bowling League, having won 18 points while dropping 6.



DON MORGAN

Finance & Accounting, by taking four points from Publicity, moved into a tie for second with Production, while Projection and Camera are tied for fourth. But you can rest assured that after the pins have been cleared away to wind up the schedule there'll be some changes made!

Harold Bow, the pride of F & A, threw so many strikes it became monotonous while rolling 231-204-183 to wind up with a 618 series and lead the field of 71 bowling competitors. Allan Lane, in second spot, still holds high game with 241 and high series with 662.

Thus far the "200 Club" has gathered in Lane, Production (241); Bow, F & A (231); Albrecht, Property (225); Mohn, Process (220); Vaughn, Publicity (219); Galloway, Garage (218); Power, Production (215); Fowler, Mail Room (214); Betkijian, Garage (214); Rugg, Camera (212); Lou Wolf, Cutters (210); Axmear, Rerecording (209); Miles, Publicity (207); Moore, Projection (204); McCafferty, Cutters (204); and Lanphear (201). Congratulations!

Thoughts while bowling (apologies to O.O.): Publicity, in 11th spot, nevertheless has knocked down more pins than any other team. They have a 15,650, while Production has 15,618. It has been rumored that following the completion of the league, Doc Bishop and the boy who watches the foul line will go 15 rounds to a finish. Doc says his Number Tens haven't been where the boy says they were. . . . Personally, I'd like to see Harold Bow and Les Vaughn bowl Allan Lane and Mickey Morgan in a little match. That would be well worth watching. . . . That Mail Room outfit seems more interested in beating each other than trouncing their opponents. Reason: the quest for filthy lucre! 'Tis said a dragging shoelace cost one member of their team something like six bucks. As he slipped over the foul-line while throwing a perfect strike, his face turned as vermillion as the red foul light which flashed on. . . . Beverly Hills alleys broke into bedlam when Rerecording, cellar champs, took

three points from the league-leading Garage outfit. And lo and behold the voices of Production led all the rest. I wonder why? . . . There are no more ardent followers of the league than Harry Harris, who follows F & A like a leech, and Dorothy Arden, whose heart bleeds and whose eyes fill with tears every time Publicity drops a point.

Those who remember the fun we all had last year in the studio softball league will be tickled pink to know that it won't be long before this will be in full sway again. Even now teams from the Mail Room, Property, and Finance & Accounting have been out collecting base hits, errors, "strawberries," charley horses and what have you at La Cienega playground. A team is springing up from the Cafe which will cross bats with the best of them. Transportation will be back to defend their title won last year. Barney Wolf will have his Cutters in condition soon. Does your department have a team? Why not organize them now and be ready when the time comes? Next month's issue of CLOSE-UPS will include all the dope!

Hugh Fowler and Virginia Cook, playing in the Motion Picture tennis tournament at the L. A. Tennis Club, advanced to the third round of the mixed doubles by defeating Lynn Root and his wife, Wells, who works at M.G.M. Congrats and keep it up! We're all rooting for you!

And, while on the topic of tennis, four racketeers from Publicity, Les Vaughn, Lou Hechtlinger, Bob Johns and yours truly, are all entered in the Examiner's Grand National tournament. Johns used to wield a wicked racquet as doubles partner with Bernie Coghlan, winning the Nevada State Championship as well as the Southern California Interscholastic trophy last year.

All of which reminds us that we'll have to stage a tennis tournament. If enough of you send in entries to this column, we'll guarantee a tournament the latter part of June. How about it?

EXTRA! BASEBALL SPECIAL! EXTRA!

Sunday, May 23, La Cienega Playgrounds.—David Alleman's aggregation, "Wind Bags," who for the past week have been filling up with our goodly Southern California hot air, were so terrifically punched with holes by the Le Noir's "Panchitos," who hail from south of the Rio Grande, that all the rats around came out thinking that the heavily perforated "Wind Bags" was one big piece of Limburger cheese. The score: Alleman's "Wind Bags," 5; Le Noir's "Panchitos," 12.



MUGSY FARROW.



INEZ KENNELL



LUCILLE MILLER



NEVA MEADE



CLARA BING



GENEVA SAWYER



BILLIE HILLERMAN.



MARY MORROW.



EDNA BREMER.

ERIC FOSTER

CANDID PICTURES of the TOURNAMENT.



By **DOC BISHOP**

GOOD, hard work, has just brought rich rewards to two 20th Century-Fox employees who have won their promotions "the hard way."



GENE BRYANT

Gene Bryant, who began his motion picture work as an extra in "Professional Soldier," while waiting for a clerical position in the production department; has just been promoted to a First Assistant Director on "Wife, Doctor and Nurse" under Director Walter Lang.

The production department recognized his work in "Everybody's Old Man" and gave him a second assistant's appointment on "White Fang" and as he progressed through other pictures, the fruits of long hours won for him his spurs as a first. He deserves a hand for making the spot in less than a year and a half.

When Orville Stewart started as an office boy, he never dreamed that he would have to pull nails, mop floors, and work from 14 to 18 hours a day to rise to the position he now holds, but he did and he is now assistant studio manager with brighter opportunities ahead of him.



ORVILLE STEWART

From an office boy, he eventually became an assistant director, but between pictures he had to pull nails to keep on the payroll. As he took all jobs in stride Ed Ebele admired his courage and when the opportunity arose he made him his assistant, a position he held until he became assistant to Studio Manager Robert Fairbanks.

Gordon Cooper can take a big bow for having pocketed his pride over a period of years and sticking to his guns. He has just been promoted to first assistant on "Danger, Love at Work" with Director Preminger.

This is the second time in his career Cooper has been a first, and for seven years he was directing two reel serials, but in the fates of the game his fortunes turned and he

found himself in a position where he had to start over again.

All of the old timers are pulling for "Coop" to keep going and with his new opportunities he seems to be moving so fast Ebele has to have two men and a dog to keep up with him.

Speaking of fellows taking things the hard way, V. L. McFadden, affectionately known as "Mac" can tell a few stories of his own. Mac



V. L. McFADDEN

started as an actor with Seelig, back in 1909. His father made him quit the business because "it wasn't respectable enough", so, following in his father's footsteps, he launched into the construction business. Years later he was caught in a bad contract and lost his fortune.

Back into the picture business he came, laboring. He rose to foreman of a labor gang, and as "Lady Luck" began to smile on him again, Ed Ebele made him his construction superintendent here. Now "Mac" is assistant production manager and there are none to challenge his position. He's been a square shooter and his crews know how to work with him.

After all, 20th Century-Fox is growing fast—who'll be next?

DAVID BUTLER claims Ben Silvey is the finest business representative he ever saw in pictures. They came together the first time while the company was on location making "Thin Ice." Nice thing about Dave he never forgets to put his praise into the front office.

Ty Powers and Allan Lane, two regular fellows make it almost a religion to be with the 20th Century-Fox gang of several hundred at the Wilshire Bowling alleys every Wednesday night for the tournament games. Ty is giving shoes to the team rolling the highest game and Lane a ball to the man rolling the highest three games.

The mysterious biographical writer in the music department has everybody guessing. His material comes to the Editors regularly, but unsigned. Lou Silvers offers a \$10 reward for his identity.

Jackie Fields has taken a couple of terrible ribbings lately; two from Norman Taurog and one from Sam Ledner. He has taken them with a big laugh though they weren't funny at the time. Sam got him for \$60 on Lou Witte's trick target and Taurog got him at his "50 Roads to Town" party with a sole-leather steak and latter ribbed him out of a brand new sports coat. Taurog is going to have a miserable time of it one of these days when Don Ameche, Alice Fay, Jackie and a few others start to square the account.



By RAY SEBASTIAN

SINCE receiving one of the picture postcards Lew Pollack is mailing these days, we are no longer bothered with ants or cockroaches—good work, Lew.



RAY SEBASTIAN
the world. Vic Orsatti was the lucky groom. Our wish for these two swell people is that it will be forever and a day.

Alice Faye didn't learn to drive her car after all. She lets her chauffeur do all the driving and worrying.

Tyrone Power has furnished himself a new apartment.

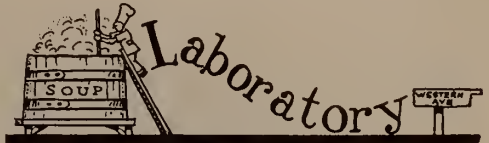
Jack Mulcahy says: Waste baskets should be empty when full—? You have something there Jack—or have you?

The ribbing feud between Alice Faye and Don Ameche has reached the nerve wracking stage what with Norman Taurag aiding and abetting both sides and Gil Pratt helping Norman. Anyway a new high has been reached in the art of ribbing, and here in Hollywood that is sompin.

The Studio Fire Dept. was called out of its new building with its new truck for its first fire (with the new equipment) They really did their stuff. But when they pulled out the new white fire hose for the first time several volunteers helped to get it all dirty and tangled.

We heard over the air a program broadcast from a plane, Sunday last, telling of the beauties of Paradise Valley and Mount Rainier. From their description it was clear and beautiful (Sunday last). This information is for those concerned, that SUNDAY LAST WAS CLEAR AT MOUNT RAINIER.

There is a wig missing so we are watching Sam Ledner, Doc Bishop, Hans Peters and MacFadden. Who knows?



By H. L. TARNOFF

PROBABLY the finest angler in the studio is Bud Thompson, the reason being that neither distance nor difficulty deters him from getting to those lakes, rivers and streams, where the biggest, fightingest fish frolic. That is, they frolic till Bud gets there. He has sent breath-taking "beauties" down from Washington and Oregon, brought them up from Lower California, and packed them in from Arizona and Nevada. Isaak Walton, king of anglers, had nothing on Bud.

We won't mention names, because the parties involved are embarrassed enough as it is. But here are the actual facts. Two of



H. L. TARNOFF
the lads in the night crew were just about to start on their way home when they saw two of the lassies of the negative assembling room coming through the studio gate. Honking their horn vociferously, the boys ambled alongside the girls and made motions for them to get in. It was early morning and dark and apparently the girls didn't recognize the gallant lads who were offering them a ride home. Two, simultaneous, agonized shrieks rang out on the night air, chilling the blood of the two charioteers. They saw the girls running toward the studio police at the gate and only then realized what it was all about. When the cops arrived, the noble lads were gone. The boys swear they recognized the girls, and heatedly assert the girls should have recognized them. It's just possible, however, that our would be gallants did not see the girls come out of the studio and did not know who they were. Were their intentions honorable or strictly dishonorable? At any rate both parties are still blushing.

The recent golf tournament revealed Charles Hawgood, of the Camera Shop, as the brilliant double-swing golfer this side of the Rockies. Charles claims he gets twice as much exercise in the same amount of time. But is that first terrific swing and miss really intentional, Charles? We wonder???

"Rosy" Rosen, of the famous ambulatory Rosen family, has been keeping things humming in the negative cutting room. "Rosie" is one of the finest "semi-crooners," or "hummers," in the world. Almost any tune and melody can be heard issuing from this gifted artist whose versatile and vigorous performances are truly astonishing. Only we wish he wouldn't gargle those high "c's." ("Rosie" leave 'em out, leave 'em out. They're nerve wracking.)

HOSPITAL NOW PREPAR





No Charge Made For X-Ray Treatments, Examinations

Additions to the studio hospital recently announced by Medical Director Dr. Harry W. Martin to improve surgical and medical facilities for the employees have been completed and are now available to all permanent and temporary employees without charge.

Dr. C. A. Seyfarth is now on duty both day and night, and Miss Morna Pyper, graduate nurse and expert X-ray technician, was recently appointed by Dr. Martin to assist.

The new changes in the hospital system will result in saving employees, it is estimated by Dr. Seyfarth, at least \$250,000 annually. All internal or bone injuries will be X-rayed immediately under new medical regulations adopted by Dr. Martin. With the new equipment, less than 15 minutes is required to photograph and develop the print for any injury.

Other improvements for the treatment of injuries not included in the first category, are diathermy and deep therapy lamps for the treatment of rheumatism, arthritis, lumbago, and bronchitis.

In addition to first-aid service, any employee can visit the hospital for such distressing disorders as headaches, colds, upset stomach, stiff necks, sprains and sore muscles.

According to Dr. Seyfarth, an average of 1300 employees a month have been taking advantage of the hospital services. Dr. Martin spends every Tuesday, Thursday and Friday morning at the hospital giving treatments and is available for consultation without charge.

THRU THE LENS

By JACK CHANDLER

BUD MAUTINO and Curt Fellers had a novelty contest during the Ladies Golf Tournament. The sponsor was Dan Clark. Bud



heavily backed by Dan, used Clubs. Curt equipped with a fishing rod cast the ball instead of driving it. Swell combination, Bud in white slacks and blue sweater . . . Curt in fishing get-up, with green pants. High spots of the event were at the fifteenth hole. Bud thought he made a hole in one, then found the ball one inch away. Curt got lost in the 'tules' then drove for the wrong green. Their wives caddied, while Harry Davis and Dan Clark kept score. But . . . believe it or not, the final score was, Curt 110 and Bud 137. Is Dan burning . . . he threatens to spill the dirt on some of his pals if they don't get up a fund to cover his losses.

Does Art Miller, faithful to a certain make of automobile, feel devastated? His 'new car' friends are switching from his kind of a car to another popular brand.

Back from photographing the air maneuvers at Muroc Dry Lake, Al Lebovitz sounds more like an air raid than ever. Harry Davis is responsible for bringing him back alive. Also for some very excellent war pictures. Charlie Bohny was there too. He is now about three shades darker.

The last of the Rainier Location oozed home over the week-end. We could say trickled, but it has been doing that for the last few weeks. Sid Wagner, Solly Halprin, Wally Castle, Joe Farley and Ted Weisbarth find Los Angeles pretty nice after bad attacks of, 'Mountain Madness.'

Billy Abbott orders a part cup of hot coffee for breakfast, then fills up the balance with ice. Suggest he order it in a tall glass and a shot of Scotch. Or would that be mixing business with breakfast?

You wouldn't go to Coachella Valley or Stove Pipe Wells for a summer trip, would you? Sid Wagner, Solly Halprin and Eddie Collins apparently wouldn't agree. They are train-ing . . . plane-ing . . . boat-ing . . . all the way to Mombasa, 'sun-kissed' town in Equatorial Africa. There, Mrs. Martin Johnson will lead them to the home of the "Elephant" and the

"Tsetse Fly." If you don't know what that is . . . go there some time and have one bite you. They should catch us something, put it in a cage and bring it home. We could use it for a 'Studio Club' mascot.

Bon Voyage to them . . . we think that it will be a grand but tough trip.

And what big tall Guy from the Camera Shop, goes ga-ga, every time he sees a certain famous person walking by. He is a good scout regardless. And that Jimmie Engle has a baby girl, while Paul Mohn married Miss Dorothy Reeves. All this calls for congratulations. We must include Lou Kunkel and Bill Whitley. They now shoot second camera, and deserve to.

'Shuffle on to Buffalo' . . . Bob Graham to you, is looking for a good used car. He is part Scotch, so if you know of a VERY good deal, contact him. Our only interest in this is, that we are sick and tired of hearing him talk automobiles.

SOME LATE DOPE:

The "Africa Trip" boys just stopped in after receiving 'typhoid shots.' They have wan smiles and look like 'this . . . and . . . that.' Mostly that.

Seems that the only way to promote news is to get you guys mad at each other. Then maybe you will come and 'dish the dirt' to me. But we do have our number one 'Girl Scout' Bess. She never fails to stir up something.

And . . . supposin' that . . .

Bud Brooks babbled—

Van Wormer's first name was, Delivery—

Don Sargent was an army man—

Both, Jack Youngs were old—

Curt Fellers was called, Handcuffs—

And, Harry Dawe was Steve-Dore—

While Eddie Collins' first name was Tom—

Art Miller of course, ground flour—

Joe LaShelle went to the beach and played oyster—

Harry Webb collected spiders—

And Charlie Bohny was 'Boney' instead of 'Bonnie'—

While Paul Mohn 'verbed' his second name—

Wally Castle's first name was Buckingham—

And Maynard Rugg liked to be stepped on—

J. O. Taylor was in the Cloak and Suit trade—

Billy Abbott decided to become a Monk—

Maurie Cains was very Abel—

The Bill, in Bill Albert was short for Prince—

Frank Fore was nicknamed Aft—

And Earle Walker was imitation whiskey—

But if this is silly . . . (and it is)

Sweep it up with Russell's Hoover.

BRASS BUTTONS



By SECRET AGENT X-341 ½

ONCE a flat foot always a flat foot. If you don't believe it ask anyone in the coffee shop. . . . Should you care to be a perfect man—just associate with Whitaker of the cops, he can do no wrong. In fact he can't do anything. . . . They tell me that Ed Landers is all blown up over his new job as nite-chief, about twenty pounds. . . . Ladies, if you want to lamp a really good looking guy, don't pass up John Donnelly, the sheik of the police force. He is hot and heavy and has he got a line. The only competition he has on this lot is "Stinger Brown," alias "Rubber cement." Old "stinger" is some guy; he will entertain you by the hour, but when he cocks his head—look out. . . . Cap. Greer deserves plenty of credit for putting the studio dance over so well. But he shouldn't have let his pals roll those beer bottles on the floor. He should have thrown them out. Every time a bottle came rolling, Greer would get that sickly smile on his face.

Mr. Demoss sure can throw the bull (even better than Landers). From the stories he tells he must think we all come from Oaklahoma. . . . Tom Young sure hires some dinky cops. Take that Dick Hamman, for instance; only six five and a mere two hundred and twenty pounds. They say he fell down at the Santa Monica gate and his head was in stage No. 15. . . . About Charley Burns, they say he used to be a farmer before he came here—well he still is.

That story of Mr. Schreiber's, about Bill Bomb stopping the fire truck at the Santa Monica gate, is a little raw. Bill wants you to know Mr. Schreiber, that he only gave them dirty looks. . . . Everyone wonders where the famous twins are lately. One of them, a cop, got his shift changed so it broke up something. The other one is such a good guy we won't mention him. But the first one, the cop, has to put out now, or can he? . . . That Hamel is a great guy; you can hear him laugh a mile away. . . . FLASH—Rumor has it that Amio, ex cop, now gone miniature on us, fainted dead away the other day when a fan belt came off and slapped him on the wrist. He came to in the doctor's office and moaned as they rubbed alcohol on him. Miniature must be tough on a body as when Amio was a cop you could slam doors on him or anything and he wouldn't faint.

Sgt. McLain almost got a part in a picture, but the tests made him look just like Slim Summerville, so he didn't get the part. . . . But Sucky Lee got it, we hear; he can get anything or anybody. He even got ham and

eggs once but that was in the old days, B. F. (before Flanigan) back when he used to hunt rabbits on the north lot. . . . We all know that it's cheaper to eat at the "Grove" than at the coffee shop, and we get sick of that same old stuff all the time. But what can you do? You can't leave the lot. For working guys six bits is a lot of dough—Steak .65; Coffee .05; Pie .10—\$.80. That's lots of jack. You just can't get away from four things—Ham, Lamb, Corned Beef, and Nick Janios. . . .

p.s.—Duffy shot crap for twenty-five minutes the other night and didn't win a cent. . . .



By BILL HEATH

MICKEY the Mouse has had a baby, and for three days the men's wardrobe has literally 'gone to pot.'



BILL HEATH

The daily production meeting room seems to be getting smaller everyday due to the jump in production—all the more so because of Jackie Fields and Sam Ledner. Half the time the two of them argue as to what they didn't do the day previous. Sam's bearing down hard on Jackie, who gets just a little confused occasionally.

I'm glad that Boots McCracken is returning to the meetings—I like to ask him questions! On "In Old Chicago" there should be plenty of fun for all. With Boots and Bob Webb—two excitable creatures—the picture will be shot daily in the meetings.

Don Wakeling, the traveling Romeo of the wardrobe, has returned from an extensive tour of the National Parks—evidences of wear and tear are distinctly pronounced on his burned features. "Redwood for a nose?"

Bob Lollier and a couple of other fellows seem to conduct daily mysterious meetings in the office—WITH closed doors. Their credit hounds, y'know, for the Club, and all your little financial secrets are therein exposed for condemnation—or approval. What a position to be in, or is it?

TAPPING AROUND

By GENEVA SAWYER

CLARETTA ELLIS, a most attractive little brunette in Harry Losse's ensemble, is going to be Mrs. Sam White in the very, very near future. Happy, happy to you Claretta.



GENEVA SAWYER

look like a big shoe. On May 25th, (Bill's birthday), he left for Chicago and points East for more personal appearances.

The girls' golf tournament developed into quite an affair. Thank you, Mr. Jack Codd, for permitting us to get started back at our golf game. The winner of the tournament

Bill Robinson was applauded, not only by the public, but by about half of the employees of 20th Century-Fox Studio at his Paramount personal appearance. They presented him with flowers in a container made to

look like a big shoe. On May 25th, (Bill's birthday), he left for Chicago and points East for more personal appearances.



Clara Bing went "astray" on the golf course, but Al Turney (left) and Al Groves put her on the right fairway again. Clara quit counting after the seventh. She claimed she couldn't count any higher.

was Muggsy Farrow. Some of our most distinguished gentlemen came out to caddie. Clara Bing should get a prize for her costume. She was representing a freshman, or sumpin'!

Hugh Fowler, of the famed 20th Century-Fox dance class (so well instructed by Nick Castle) is again appearing in a picture. This time it's "You Can't Have Everything." His last experience was "Pigskin Parade." Too bad Charley Owens didn't have a couple more inches on his height so he could don the make-up along with Hugh.

Jack Haskell came back from his sojourn in the desert looking very healthy. Besides being very tanned from the Palm Springs sun, he had gained several pounds. Mr. Haskell is now preparing dance numbers for "Pigskin Parade of 1937" and "In Old Chicago."

Every day Nick Castle comes to the studio these days his chest is out farther and farther. It seems that Nickie is going to be a father around about October. I guess I'll have to start calling him Mr. Castle pretty soon. Ah me!

I think I'll take it upon myself to represent the Stock Players, etc., in giving a great big vote of thanks to Gene Kornman for the positively beautiful portraits he has been making of everyone. My, my! He even made me look pretty.

Since Gene Rose has been promoted we have a new pianist in our department. His name being Jack Pfeiffer. Before joining 20th Century-Fox he had his own orchestra in the Huntington Hotel in Pasadena and the Del Coronado Hotel in Coronado.

Harry Revel presented me with an adorable pooch. I named it "Govel" after Gordon and Revel. She is also very musically inclined. Sings so loud all night we don't sleep at my house.

Smoke Screams

By TRYONE GESS

THESE few lines this month will be rather a preface, a prelude or what have you, to what we sincerely hope will develop into a column worth reading for you and you, and even you.

The main items in our magazine being personal touches (not cash we hope) we will try to acquaint the rest of our growing studio a little more intimately with the special effects, if not with their work, then their idiosyncracies, habits, pleasures, mayhap a few faults and many comical episodes—we hope.

Jim Donnelly is a great fisherman—(ask him—). Last week Jess (Big Bad) Wolf asked

him to take a run into the hills for a snappy bit of trout snagging so Jim ran down and bought a reel in a hurry. He came back and, as we heard the story, showed it to Lou Witte, who has a flare for taking advantage of unsuspecting people. Lou (old fisherman) looked at his reel and then remarked:

"What did you get a left-handed reel for?"

Donnelly's mouth dropped and he said, "Huh—a left-handed reel—gosh, I wonder if the store's still open."

Lou immediately rejoined with another hit—"Oh, no use hurrying, you can't use salmon eggs for 30 days yet anyhow."

I thought I was a poor fisherman, but now I'm beginning to wonder, although Jim did remark that he caught eight of the little fellows.

That rabid U.S.C. fan, Jerry Stokes, is always following S.C. football, and year after year is heard to remark this standard phrase: "You should see this year's freshman team—they've got everything," and then—"The varsity is going to have plenty of power this year—just watch our boys."

MUSINGS

I think that we could get some fair teams in our department if anyone had the urge to play.

I haven't seen, but have heard that Bill Mittlestedt is a pretty fair country handball player. And I hear that some of the boys at the Beverly Hills A.C. can personally swear to it.



By HAROLD JONES

WELCOME June—because with June comes a long procession of brides and a very busy month for the studio club. Speaking of brides, I don't feel that this department is giving me a break. How can a fellow write about brides if we never have any.



HAROLD JONES

I don't know if it is appropriate or not to put the maternity department under June brides, but here goes.

Today he is a man: at least with his chest out and a big smile, Jules Damsker has a better chance to make us believe it, because the other day the stork dropped in and left 6 pounds 7 ounces of sunshine and happiness and as its the first one, Jule just knows he will be president some day and if he is, remember, we told you so. Oh yes! Jule said the next event will take place eight days from now, everybody's invited.

There are dads, fathers and just plain pops, but I know Jim Ruman's pretty little 14-year-old daughter, Tasher Ruman, must know that her's is about tops. Jim sent Tasher to London to the Coronation and is giving her an opportunity to see what millions would like to see. And remember this little lady is only 14, and here is a funny little thing that happened in Salt Lake on the way to New York: Tasher stopped off to see the Mormon temple and not realizing the time, missed the train, and using the good common sense pasted on her by her dad, she caught a mail train and in Ogden, Utah, caught her train. We hope you enjoyed every minute of your trip, Miss Ruman, and you can be sure we all feel the same about your dad as you do.

We feel sort of honored, as Walter Winchell wrote in his column on Monday that certain people had used a line of his regarding patting people on the back, and we can't blame him, as we thought the line was so good we used it too. I know Mr. Winchell will understand when we say that he should be honored to know it was so good I used it. While on the subject, I had the privilege to see and watch Walter and my hat's off to a swell guy, as well as a great columnist.

If you don't know who pitched for the giants in 1930, or if you want the score between Yakima Merchants and Moxee nine in Fort Scott, Kansas, just ask Abe Stunbery as he is uncanny when it comes to knowing his baseball. I for one, am going to bet the way he does regarding the world series and I play cinches.

After a vote, we, the swing gang, come to the conclusion that we like—Fred Rhodes for being a regular guy in regard to the fellows that work with him. Keep it up fellow, you have friends and will probably keep them. Under that hard shell, Frank Hughes really is soft. Did you know he has two dogs, one a big shaggy sheep dog and we bet that any stray would find a home at Frank's house. Al Orenback, because he is easy to work with, besides knowing his stuff.

Open Letter To The Set Dressers

Gentlemen: I feel I voice the sentiment of the entire swing gang, when I say that as a whole, you fellows are O.K. BUT, remember, we are as anxious to make our sets natural as you are, we want to learn and you fellows can help us. We realize that we don't always understand you, your likes and dislikes are different, but remember we are human and capable of making mistakes, so please bear with us and help us and I promise, your work will be easier and more pleasant if you confide in us and we will do the same to you.

Professor Jones says, now that the coronation is over we would like to do a little crowning too, first the worm that goes through our box and fails to return our tools.

“A Bit Of Algeria”



Prize winning print in the May competition of the Studio Camera Club . . .
submitted by Ralph Townsend.



By MARCELINE MOORE

NOW that the newness has worn off, this gets to be more work than fun—what to write about?—what would be of interest? Oh for an inspiration . . . or, just anything that will keep you awake until you get to the bottom of this. . . . Dearie me! Among our special visitors of the month were Joan Crawford and William Randolph Hearst Jr. If we keep on we'll have all the important names in our guest book.



MARCELINE MOORE

"Why Women Have Stopped Lying" is the heading of an article in the Liberty Magazine. We take it for granted that the author has never heard of the 20th Century Fox women's golf tournament. Each one of the 94 players turned in an honest score—BUT she was the ONLY one to do so—at least, that is the story that each of the 94 players told. The girls are all anxiously waiting for the prizes to be given out. All the best ly . . . er — players will be there. It's all in fun and we are all dying to see the pictures—we probably WILL DIE when we see what we look like as a golfer.

A painter (he said he was a painter) taking the place of a striker was asked to paint the ceiling of a set. He looked at the ceiling—then the paint brush—AND THEN the ingenious fellow got a long pole, nailed it to the paint brush and went to work.

This next little episode took place in the famous 20th Century-Fox Cafe de Paris:

Scene 1—(Cameraman Jack Woods enters).

"Where's Eddie Cantor?"

"I'm sorry, Mr. Cantor hasn't arrived yet."

"Let me know the minute he comes in."

"Yes, sir."

Scene 2—(A few minutes later—same place)—enters Gene Kornman, cameraman)

"Where's Eddie Cantor?"

"I'm sorry, Mr. Cantor hasn't arrived yet."

"Let me know the minute he comes in."

"Yes, sir."

Scene 3—(Same as scenes 1 and 2)

Scene 4—(Same as scenes 1-2-3)

Scene 5—Eddie Cantor arrives and is shown to a table—the cameramen gather round and picture after picture is taken. When they have finished, the "candid camera" arrive. With three cameras on him, Mr. Cantor suddenly jumps up, pulls up his shirt and points to something on the middle of his stomach.

NOTE:—Emmet hopes Willis Cooper is right.

On June 3rd we are having a big luncheon party in the cafe—there will be 400 people present. We are sure everyone on the lot will arrange it so they can eat lunch before 12 that day. It's nice to have such a large and beautiful cafe that we can take care of our own parties instead of sending them to one of the big hotels. The luncheon is in honor of the convention visitors.



Norman Manning, the generalissimo of the studio convention, enjoying a holiday before undertaking his arduous duties. He is seen making a speech at the Peace Officers convention.

Activity ^{IN} THE Coffee Shop

By EDWINA HILLIARD

Because we walk back and forth, back and forth all day long someone from the electrical department asked us if we were on a strike.

In the near future you will see us "gals" wearing new uniforms. The color is a secret.

Jimmy Kenworthy, the smiling Irish cop, has christened that soft drink, which so many of you enjoy, a "dilly dally."

Remember Dorothy? For the benefit of those who do not know, is happily married and living in Los Angeles.

Captain Roy Greer must be on a diet—we never see him any more—but since he has moved within walking distance of the studio he may go home for lunch.

Has Dr. Seyfarth told you about the new X-ray machine? From all I hear it is a "honey."

One day Ann, the little dark eyed waitress, ordered scrambled eggs, over easy.

The Celeb's palate ticklers.

Robert Taylor	Hot dogs
Loretta Young	Thick malted milks
Eddie Cantor	Kosher Corned beef
Jean Hersholt	Ham and eggs
Don Ameche	Hamburger and Chili
Tyrone Power	Chicken sandwiches

Don says—"You don't HAVE to be crazy to work here but it sure helps."

Did you get your Club Pin? We have ours and we think they are "right pretty."



By CELIA HILSENRAD

THANKS, Jean, for filling all that space!

Kathleen Ridgeway had a birthday Saturday, May 17th . . . there was a mountainous cake . . . and all "that goes with it" . . . plus gorgeous remembrances from well-wishers. . . . Congratulations and many more of them!



CELIA HILSENRAD

The Old Writer's Building . . . out in the wilds of this lot . . . has been sadly neglected between these pages . . . pay it one visit and you'll come back . . . for here all know one another . . . and there is a real informal atmosphere . . . with Ruth Ellis . . . a genius with the cords . . . the charming and witty receptionist!

Laura Breska . . . whose story, "Two Bits for A Lonely Heart" . . . is to appear in this week's "Script" . . . is to have another story, "Fifth and Main," in "After Dark," new theatre publication . . . and for something more than "glory and fun," . . . as Mr. Rob Wagner so invitingly puts it.

Here And There . . . Bob Chapin who has . . . acted . . . written and directed . . . in the past . . . is now turning his diverse talent to writing exclusively . . . but you can still see evidences of his thespian art, around these parts . . . Eleanore Harris very fetching . . . in that dull gold and brown creation . . . and large picture straw hat with wide streamers in back. . . And who's the handsome writer

. . . who gets "extra special" attention . . . from Ruthie Bellis. . . . Everyone likes Milt Gross . . . do you blame them? . . . Mr. Gross is in New York for a spell . . . and we sure miss him! . . . Dorothy Green and Marjorie Upstill vacation tripping to Mexico City. . . . Bon voyage . . . and watch out for those slick Spanish seniors! . . .

Lucille Goodrich . . . persuaded by that personable golf instructor at the Rancho . . . that she's a coming champ . . . is out to do or die . . . Every morning before breakfast . . . noon lunch hour . . . and after work till night-fall . . . finds her on the green . . . driving and putting assiduously. . . . Fidel La Barba . . . ex-prize-fighter . . . writing a Shirley Temple story . . . of all things! . . . and that burly bodyguard of a certain petite star . . . airing her Pekingese!!! . . . Marion Borad . . . house furnishing . . . excited as a new bride . . . and her married all of the magnificent period . . . of three years . . . Olympia Hardin . . . a dead ringer for Louise Fazenda . . . Winsome little Louise Necker . . . commutes all the way from Glendale . . . "po" chile".

Portly Capt. Bert Hall . . . buying candy for the four o'clock (tea) coffee cloth . . . Congratulations and best wishes . . . to the new Mrs. Al Schneider . . . nee Roselee Cohen . . . Spring is here! . . . Dorothy Harris sporting a very Grecian . . . we hope it's Grecian . . . VERY, anyway . . . new and becoming coiffure . . . Hazel Harris . . . on leave of absence . . . due to ill health . . . here's hoping she's her old cheery self again . . . and back with us soon . . . Congratulations to Muggsy Farrow . . . on winning the golf tournament!



By MILDRED LOWE

OLLIE PAINTER is not in the Production Department but I'm forced to say these few words about him.

As you know, he's the fellow who calls every month two hours before CLOSE-UPS



MILDRED LOWE
that we all look bad enough at our best, but

goes to press and says—"Must have your column immediately." On top of that he sends out a man (he couldn't be a cameraman) — to take your picture and clutters up this magazine with photographs that look like apes — and puts people's names under them. I think you'll agree

that publicity chap who took the pictures that were in the last issue of CLOSE-UPS should be working for Walt Disney, because he can make people really look like animals and Disney might as well have live subjects to work with.

I am sure if any agents see the picture of Mr. Ebele in the last issue, they will sign him up as another Charlie Butterworth and, I'm afraid that any day Mr. Zanuck will approach me to do the animal lead in our forthcoming African Livingston picture.

We pan our departments—I wonder if the Publicity Department can take a little panning. If they print this—we'll know they can take it, too.

To get back to our own department—if Sam the barber keeps on with his diligent work and produces a crop of hair for Mr. Ebele—similar to his own—Goliath is liable to turn loose before long and turn the industry upside down—as I think he might attempt a twosome with Miss Henie on ice.

If someone else in the Production Department takes over this column—I feel sorry for myself. I'm having fun panning everyone else—but really, silly stuff is all I seem to be able to think of on two hours notice. However, if Ollie gives me a little more notice next issue—I might try to do a dramatic column, if I can get Sam Ledner and Jackie Fields to help me.



VIRGIL HART, Casting Office, was married to the former Miss Myrtle McKenzie of Ardmore, Oklahoma, in the First Lutheran Church of Phoenix, Arizona, on March 30th. The couple are now living at 529 North Huntley, West Hollywood.

Jules Damsker, Property Department, is the proud father of a six pound, seven ounce baby boy, Martin Damsker, born on May 13 at the Monte Sano hospital. The young chap is doing very nicely, and is living with his parents at 2019 Cahuenga Blvd. Los Angeles.

The Property Department is in "Big Business" as Fred Holmes is also the father of an eight pound baby girl, christened Gayla Holmes. The little lady was born on May 8 at the North Hollywood Hospital, and is living with her parents at 1410½ North Serrano, Los Angeles.

Jimmy Engle, Insert Department, announces the arrival of a baby girl at the Wilshire Hospital on May 2, weighing five pounds, thirteen ounces. The young lady was christened Sheila Lu Engle. The parents live at 10518 Stillson Ave., Palms, California.



DISSOLVE INTO: TITLE: "Weddings to the right of me; weddings to the left of me. On charged the reckless plungers into the valley of Matrimony!" **CUT TO:**



EUGENE LE NOIR

SCENE 1. Interior The Wedding Chapel. Time: 8:30 P.M., Wednesday, May 19th. Miss Hazel Shirk, blushing like all first time-up brides, promises to cherish and obey Mr. Arthur C. Bradley. Mr. Al Maynard breaks Harold Roth's leg as he (Al Maynard) rushes forward to kiss the bride. Miss Betty Crump and Miss Grace Ewart fall to the floor in a wild scramble to get the bridal bouquet. **CUT TO:**

SCENE 2. Interior living room of a newly wedded couple, the Brodericks. Mr. and Mrs. are happily reclining on sofa. Their loving caresses are interrupted by Your Commentator who, apologetically explains, "Begging your pardon, Mr. Broderick, I'm trying to learn man's reaction to Matrimony. Wouldst elucidate on subject, please?" Mr. Broderick: "Sure, there's nothing like it. Everybody should be married!" **CUT TO:**

SCENE 3. Interior living room of another newly wedded couple, the Jack Fritch's. As the two sock each other playful but telling blows, Your Commentator breaks in. Your Commentator: "Pardon the intrusion, please. What do you think of married life, Mr. Fritch?" Mr. Fritch, "Married life is okay. It's great stuff!" **CUT TO:**

SCENE 4. Interior kitchen of intermediately wedded couple, the Ralph Hahn's. It is a fight scene. Dishes, pots and pans fly about. The infuriated Hahn picks up Frigidare. Hahn: "Three long years I fought overseas in the mud and the slime. I sacrificed the best years of my life for Democracy and Freedom. Woman, I ain't aiming to lose that now!" Up goes the ice-box and crash! Your Commentator thinks best not to interrupt the turbulent atmosphere so **FLASH TO:**

SCENE 5. Interior Wilshire Bowling Alleys. Mr. Harold Bow is beaming. He has just shot another STRIKE. As he is about to again burn the alley-way with his scorching ball, Your Commentator pops: "Mr. Bow, what do you think of married life?" Mr. Bow: "PHOOEY!" **CUT TO:**

SCENE 6. Exterior Entrance to 20th CENTURY-FOX Studio. A weak, bent, old, old man with long heavy beard, hair covering head

and shoulders approaches Sergeant La Croix. Sergeant La Croix, in very commanding tone: "Fade out, Rip Van Winkle, we ain't needing any House of David (this might mean David Alleman baseball team) players today." Old Man, in weak, trembling voice: "But I belong here; I work in the studio. I just got back from seven weeks with the Mount Rainier Location. I am Pete Lake, look." CUT TO:

FLASHES OF: Pretty Doris Olson, who is about to leave for New York, telling the Tabulating Department how much she enjoyed working with such a lovely crowd; and how she almost hates to leave.

CLOSE UP of: Dale Garrett, the man with his wits always about, telling Doris how he hates to see her go; but, adds he, "maybe it's opportunity KNOCKING."

Dave Alleman recruiting ball players to play the invincible PANCHITOS of Le Noir's.

Miss Lillian Phillips just getting back from her "lovely" trip up North.

The Heckerts making preparations for their extensive tour to Wichita, Kansas City and other points East.

The Candid Walter Seeley, Jr. getting a terrific "kick" in frightening the little girls with his big, black toy Tarantula. CUT.



By **OLLIE PAINTER**

RAY SEBASTIAN'S room rent for the week amounts to more than his salary.

Jack "Slave Ship" Wood, still photog deluxe, was very busy ducking the sea-gulls at San Pedro on Harbor Day.



OLLIE PAINTER

Lillian Hill was the guest of honor at a birthday party in the Cafe de Paris on May 7. Among those present were: Annaree Maher, Dolpha Smith, Madalin Parkinson, Jeanne Allison, Anna

Mae Hart, Katy Robinson, and Ruth Dunlap. The number of candles on the cake were limited to five, indicating either 15, 25, 35 or 45.

At the conclusion of the party, a male quartette, picked at random, sang "Happy Birthday to You."

For the best places to go fishing, contact Jimmy Dineen, Maintenance Department. He claims to know where all the big ones are running, or "were running."

Dave Alleman has written more than \$33,000 worth of group insurance since January 1.

Our apologies to Troy Orr, who did the narration and assisted in writing titles for the Men's Golf Tournament short. Also Bob Simpson, and his cutting crew, and Herb Stahlberg for the music.

Jack Mulcahy, the friend of the people, was invited to attend the Olympic fights recently to watch "Killer" Coates do his stuff. Jack was seated between two males on one side and two females on the other side, who were evidently close friends of Coates.

Fast thinking on the part of Ruth Noland avoided a rear end collision on Pico Blvd. the other evening. Ruth drives very fast, but can handle a car to perfection.

As the Wheels Turn

By **BENNETT (BEN) WHITE**

JOE HIRIGOYEN pulled a fast one last month and married Frankie McLaughlin at Santa Ana, Calif., on April 20th. Miss McLaughlin



BENNETT WHITE

is an employee of the United Artists Studio. After a short honeymoon the couple took up residence at 201 Elm Dr., Beverly Hills. As a wedding gift the members of the Transportation Dept. gave Mr. & Mrs. Hirigoyen a ten tube Gruenow Radio with the wish that the best of everything may be theirs.

The Bogy-man is here, not only at night but during the day as well. If you don't know who I mean ask Joe Lucero to take off his hat. It's not "Nancy Steel is Missing," it's "What became of Joe Lucero?"

Don't tell me that actors are the only superstitious people. Sidney Lanfield's cutter, Bob Simpson always uses the same cans to keep his work print in. That may be one of the reasons why Mr. Lanfield's pictures are such a great success.

Who is the good looking night mechanic that gets home made lemon pies for fixing girls cars. I wonder if it is his Mechanical ability or what? Don't worry Chet DeCalo, we will keep your secret.

Who was the driver that was having such a good time at a bar the other night when a stranger asked him the time. After some little time the stranger asked him again. The third time this occurred the driver reached into his pocket, handed the stranger his watch and, "Keep it you need it more than I do."

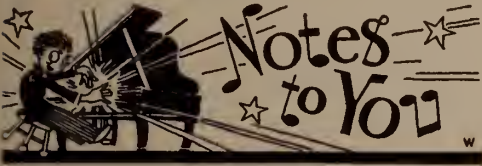
During the last month a 1937 seven passenger Buick sedan, a thirty passenger bus and a new film car have been added to the fleet. By-the-way, the old film car which travels between the Hills and the Western Ave. Lab. turned up a mileage of over 242,500 miles. It is still in use with the Fire Dept. as a pick-up truck. Which all goes to show what good care will do for a car.

Was Shorty Belcher's face red the other day when he came out of a store and found some one had turned his truck over. After turning it right side up again he drove it back to the studio none the worse for the mishap

What executive upon seeing a large body of men coming from the Santa Monica gate the other night, stopped one and asked who he was and where the men were going. When he learned they were drivers going to the Cafeteria for their monthly meeting he seemed quite relieved.

If you girls want to go out with a man that a certain Screen star saw driving along Sunset Blvd. the other day and mistook for Cary Grant, just get in touch with this department. This young man is tall, dresses in the latest fashion and drives a big foreign car, has his whiskey and soda at Armstrong-Shroeders etc. To see him off the lot you would at least think him an assistant director, but our story takes a different turn. Alas, Ace Clark, our hero, is only a poor driver.

Gather around boys, Frank Room has promised to tell us a short, short story. O.K. Frank we are all waiting.



By **SIDNEY D. MITCHELL**

THE illegitimate son of Gordon & Revel ("What's in a name" Pollack) is doing fine. The uppers are biting nicely.

CONVENTION NOTES: Pollack & Mitchell are taking vocal lessons at ? place. They got word they might be called upon to entertain. (God forbid).

Gordon & Revel resent the way Mitchell resents Pollack.

Jack Haskell came back from his vacation all tanned and feeling much better.

NOTE - ATIONS:

Gene Rose—The Nervous Wreck
Sidney Clare—Voice of Experience
Cy Mockridge—English Version
Lou Silvers—Old Gold
Sam Kaylin—Where's Gene Rose?
Jule Styne—Do - Ray AND Me
James O'Keefe—Class A in any Society.

Dave Buttolph—Diminish Seventh

Herbert Spencer—Adonis

Just the Opposite—Lew Pollack

MACK GORDON OBJECTS

HARRY REVEL OBJECTS

SIDNEY CLARE OBJECTS

SIDNEY MITCHELL GIVES IN

Frank Tresselt—Sound Stage Roue'

Arthur Lang—Did You Ever See a Dream Walking?

Emil Newman—Two in a Bar.

Wally Scharf—18 piece Orchestration in Par

Mack Gordon—My Kingdom for a Horse

HARRY REVEL OBJECTS

Harry Akst—My Kingdom for a Race Horse

Harry Revel—I'm a Horse on You

MACK GORDON AGREES

NOTES TO YOU GIRLS:

Convention is coming—do right by our Twentieth.

Marceline Moore—The Love Bug will BITE You if you Don't Look Out (Look at that lip)

Dot Harris—High, WIDE and Handsome

Jeanne Starnes—Where Did You Get Those EYES?

Geneva Sawyer—Oh, What a PAL was Jenny.

Lucille Miller—Friday is FIGHT Night

Esther Brodelet—On the VERGE

Ann Lawrence—Whoop-ee

The "Cookies"—Look-e - Look-e - Look-e

Alberta Kibler—Punching the Clock.

THE SWEET and LOW DOWN

MR. JAMES O'KEEFE—"Smiling Jimmy," The Trouble Shooter. Just now busily engaged in translating from the Russian.

MR. RUDY SCHRAGER—"Silent Rudy," chiefly pre-occupied now in cutting down "calories," which he bravely does, by omitting sugar from his coffee.

Ye Conductor has been accused, and justly so, of neglecting the ladies in this column. He wishes to apologize. As our friend Ben Bernie would say, "Here's to youse, Gals! What would we do without you!"

Prudence

Alberta

Marcy

Louise

Dolly

Fedora

Irma

Alice

Chris

Effie

Clara

YOWSAH!

RANDOM THOUGHTS ON ROVING THRU THE MUSIC DEPARTMENT

Few people know Alberta Kibler is a qualified Interior Decorator. Has studied for many years. . . . Herb Stahlberg very happy with shooting an 85 over the Rancho course last Sunday. . . . Charlie Zimmerman, from the Photostat, is deeply interested in photography. An enthusiastic member of the Studio Club. . . .

Alice Johnson is the only girl in the Music Department to attend tap dancing class. . . . Steve Czillag just acquired a new Connecticut Commemorative Half-Dollar. Is making a collection of these coins. . . . Marcy Swindell is a rabid philatelist. Has a good collection of United States. . . . Cy Mockridge has just completed a most beautiful studio; designed, furnished and decorated in exquisite taste, it is an inspiring room, to study and write in. . . . There is grief in the Yellow Cab Company. They have lost their chief customer; to wit, one Herbert Spencer. He is now driving a Packard. . . . A "bouquet" for the brass section: Gene, Eddy, Denny, Bill, Herb and Earl, for doing a bit of section practise on their own. And while we have a few flowers left, let's not forget "Mickey" Morgan, whose manifold talents run the gamut from bowling to bar-tending. Truly the "Gunga Din" of the Music Department. . . . The girl's band is with us again. If they could only play as beautifully as they look — what music we would hear. We offer a rose to Lou Silvers for his brilliant work in directing "Prince Igor" with large orchestra and chorus on Stage 1 the other day. It was fast work. . . . We also tender our condolences and sympathy to Dave Buttolph, whose heart was slowly breaking all the time it was being recorded. . . . Fedora Schneider is the girl you can say "Hya Toots" to, and it's okay.

FROM RAGS TO RICHES (Biography of Lou Silvers)

A regrettable incident has occurred which prevents the publication of this month's installment. The manuscript was stolen from the author's desk. Foul play is suspected, and that portion of the Twentieth Century-Fox police is busily trying to recover it. A large reward of one thin dime has been placed in the hands of Mr. James O'Keefe, and will be paid immediately upon return of manuscript. Positively no questions asked.

GETTING YE BIRDE

(Note: There is a large pigeon, who perches himself on the roof of the Hall of Music, and loudly coo-koo's at the passers-by. It is very annoying to walk past and hear someone calling you cuckoo! and turn around to find it's a bird. In protest we offer the following:

Oh, birde of ill-omen,
What evil portents, signs, or auguries possess thee;

What black magic bids thee leer at passers-by,
Calling Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Aye, with beady eye,
Sinister and foreboding calling, Cuckoo!
Again! And yet again!

And pray, Birde, why the Hall of Music?
Thinkest thou that only THERE Cuckoos
abound;

Couldst not in thy flights around,
Perchance have lighted upon "Sound"?
E'en, with thy dour look of duplicity
Perched thy miserable carcass on "Publicity"?
Or seeking more empyrean heights to dwell
Let it be whispered softly, there's "Administration" as well;

A pox on thee! Fie! Upon thy vain Cuckooings!
L'ENVOI

According to the OFFICE BOYS

By CHARLES OWENS

UPON leaving the reception room, a gentleman who had appreciated John Holzer's courtesy, asked him if he smoked. John replied that he did, and the man gave him a wrapped box which looked like it might contain some Havanas. Holzer rushed into the mail room, exclaiming that we would all have a real smoke. Our elation subsided quickly when the box disclosed an ash tray with the engraving: "RIGID TOOL CO."



CHARLES OWENS

Homer Hill wonders to whom he should send a requisition for a bodyguard. His reason seems well-founded. One of Loretta Young's more ardent fans sends her a registered letter every week which Homer signs for. He then takes it to the fan mail department, where it is taken care of in the regular channels. They have written this fan several nice letters, explaining that personal contact with any of the stars is impossible. This enthusiastic man is now sending registered letters to Homer, in which he states that Homer is jealous of him, and in a P.S. threatens Homer in no uncertain terms. It's the P.S. that has Homer worried.

A goodly portion of the Dramatic Club are now called the "Aristocrats." One evening they were making a recording at the home of Harry Leonard. Mary Pickford was visiting Mr. Leonard's neighbor, and expressed an interest in the proceedings. The 20th Century-Fox Thespians were then introduced to "America's Sweetheart."

This is not an appeal for the sake of humanity, nor is it a commercial plug. Estelle Richter has been saving those Raleigh and Kool coupons for eons. She just found out that in a month the 350 she has saved will be unredeemable, and she won't be able to get that inlaid bridge table unless she can acquire 400 more by that time. She confides that in order to do that little feat, she would have to go into complete seclusion and do nothing but smoke and smoke. Don't you think we should prevent Estelle from taking such a drastic step? If you have any coupons kicking about, the peerless pages will be glad to take them where they will do the most good.

Beware Birde, lest on some fine day, thou givest forth a loud "CUCKOO!"

We all arise en masse and say, Nuts! NUTS!
NUTS TO YOU!



Full Speed Ahead

Before leaving to start his first vacation in three years, Mr. Zanuck disclosed the plan of production to be maintained at the studio during his absence.

The announcement should have been a source of great comfort to all the employes of 20th Century-Fox, for it showed that their welfare had been carefully considered.

Mr. Zanuck announced that production would continue at full peak all through his absence. No one will suffer impairment of employment through a drop in production. Activity will remain in full force, with some of the biggest pictures on the season's schedule in process of filming or about to start.

This is proof of our chief production executive's full confidence in his organization, in addition to showing that full care has been taken to preserve the organization intact. The loyalty of the studio, which has enabled 20th Century-Fox to climb to the forefront of the industry this past year, has thus been rewarded.

In Mr. Zanuck's absence, production remains in charge of William Goetz, Harry Joe Brown and Sol M. Wurtzel, than whom no finer executive triumvirate could be found.

The studio, moreover, finds itself in an enviable position at this time. All of the remaining pictures on this season's program have been completed and are awaiting release. In addition, some of the biggest productions for the coming season are also finished. Production continues at full speed ahead. And for this heartening situation not only able executive planning, but the hearty cooperation of the working organization, must receive credit.



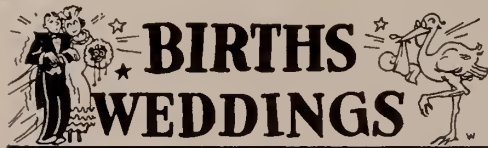
Vol. 2, No. 8

June, 1938

NAT DYCHES..... Editor
 OLLIE PAINTER..... Managing Editor
 SEXTON WILKERSON..... Art Director
 AL WISE..... Asst. Art Director
 ED. ROBERTS..... Asst. Art Director

Congratulations to Virgil Hart, formerly Assistant Casting Director to Mr. James Ryan.

Virgil has been promoted to first assistant director to Reeves "Breezy" Eason, and his first assignment will be with the second unit of the Butler company, filming "Straight, Place and Show."



There is no apparent deficiency in the home production schedule of CLOSEUPS this month inasmuch as nine births were reported, and only one wedding. Perhaps the July issue will show a reversal of form.

Hardy Eslick, Police Department, announces the birth of a seven-pound daughter, Patricia Lee, on May 11th in the Suburban Hospital, South Gate. The family reside at 1203 East 77th street, Los Angeles.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Zoyd Luce, Prop and Miniature Department, a six pound, 14 ounce boy, Stewart Edward, at the Coleman Hospital in Alhambra on April 20th.

A seven pound baby daughter, Priscilla Sternad, was presented to Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Sternad of the Art Department, on May 11th at the Santa Monica Hospital. The happy family live at 8842 Cashio street, Los Angeles.

G. B. Hopkins, Grip Department, announces an addition to the family in the form of Alan Gale Hopkins, born on May 13th in the Community Hospital, Culver City, weighing seven pounds, 12½ ounces. The young chap lives with his parents at 4133 Mildred avenue, Culver City.

Dan Mullan, Tabulating Department, is celebrating the arrival of Judith Ann Mullan, on April 23rd at the Hollymont Hospital, Burbank.

She weighed five pounds, four ounces, at birth, and is now with her parents at 3857 Berryman avenue, Culver City.

Wayne Nix, Police Department, reports the birth of a four and one-half pound son, Roger Wayne Nix, at St. Vincent's Hospital, on April 20th. The Nix family reside at 1324 North Fuller, Hollywood.

Alfred Majors, Janitor, announces the arrival of Barbara Delia Majors, at Stork's Nest, Inglewood, on May 11th, weighing six pounds.

Thomas Krause, Transportation, is the proud father of an eight pound son, Stephen Michael Krause, born at the Queen of the Angels Hospital on May 2nd. The family live at 936 South Norton avenue, Los Angeles.

To Richard and Mrs. Mansfield, Property Department, a six and one-half pound son, Richard, Jr., on May 15th at the Santa Monica Hospital.

Dorothy Mae Gill, Insurance Department, was married on Monday, May 23rd, at 7:30 a.m., to William Welling of Los Angeles, in St. John's Catholic Church of Hyde Park. Immediately following a wedding breakfast at the Ambassador Hotel, the happy couple left for Lake Arrowhead, where they will spend their honeymoon.



By DAN WURTZEL

And so it came to pass—the mighty Grip team finally won a ball game. Bedecked in their new uniforms of royal blue silk gabardine piped with white borders, the boys whooped and pranced all over the juicers and defeated the button snappers by the score of 22-7. The juicers did not possess any uniforms; in fact, they were lucky they possessed any pants after that game. However, the ultimate result of the game was nine old men and nine sore backs. Hooray for our side.

A fine example of filial love. Pete Di Bartolomeo, who has been mentioned for his notorious affairs in this column previously, has just left for New York to welcome his mother from Italy to the land of freedom. Overcoming financial and many legal difficulties, he never gave up the ship, always hoping to see his mother out in California. By the time you read this, Mama Di Bartolomeo will be making habits and fasta fazon for her loving son.

Our old friend Frank Pierson, who grips the insert department, is home sick in bed with an old ailment of his. We hope he returns soon, raring to go to town.

THE PRESENT OPPORTUNITY TO OBTAIN

GROUP INSURANCE

WITHOUT MEDICAL EXAMINATION

(Provided you are under 45 years of age, have not consulted a physician during last six months, and have never been rejected for life insurance)

WILL EXPIRE ON JUNE 4TH

Take advantage of this opportunity and get your application in to
DAVID ALLEMAN - - Room 265, Administration Bldg. - - Phone 559



By AL HENLEY

Freddie Rodes and another fellow got to an intersection in a dead heat, so now Freddie is riding around in a ROYAL style. . . . Hal Jones is having spikes put on his ballet slippers to use in baseball games. They should enable him to do a graceful grand jete between bases. . . . Dick Mansfield was the nervous, distraught father of an heir this month. The number 25 worried Dick for a little while, but he overcame his superstitions. The boys were putting their money on 9 and 18 right after the first of the month. . . . Frank Sullivan's determination not to become a professional wrestler was strengthened recently when he broke a bone in his ankle in a hotel room bout while on location.

A recent early morning, before work, gabfest brought a good gambling story from "Jockey" Liebgold. It was about the greenhorn who sat in one of the beach poker games and drew four aces. After a heated session of betting, his one opponent called and asked what he had. "Four aces," was the reply. "What have you got?" "I've got four aces, too," answered his opponent. "What's your next highest card," popped back the greenhorn. . . . Frank Gogel is coming to work with sawdust in his hair. He's getting right into the thick of it in the construction of his new home. . . . Howard Kurz has given up ordering eggs for breakfast. He's not sure that's what he's been eating all these years.

Notice, Max Factor: Dick Towner found a tin of your lipstick, but decided it didn't look well and rubbed it off. . . . Hal Hammack is going into the restaurant business in New Mexico. He says he'll make a list of the boys here so they can have a free meal there. He's safe as long as it's in New Mexico. Too far to go for a free meal. . . . It took a 15c bucket of practice balls to get Joe Behm around the course in the tournament. At least, that's a cheap way of getting balls. Wonder where the clubs came from!



By BRUCE FOWLER, JR.

This coming month heralds two new and ambitious projects of the Little Theatre. First, the one-act play contest now being held by the Group is really getting underway. While the deadline has been set for August 1, several manuscripts have already made an appearance. This is an excellent opportunity for all prospective playwrights to see their plays in action, because all submitted plays may be presented in Workshop, and the best will be chosen for public production. Plans are also being made for giving a prize in addition to this honor. Please send manuscripts to Frances Richardson, Research Department, by August 1.

On June 2, the first tryouts for the three-act play will be begun. These tryouts will be held not only for casting, but also for those people interested in the technical and business side of our theatrical productions.

Herbert Farjean, Dialogue Director, has consented to direct this play. The presentation of it will take place in the latter part of June or the beginning of August.

Is it true that Chappie missed a midget race?



By ERIC SWARTHE

They don't give second chances in the West Coast Bowling Congress—and that, in a nutshell, explains the Please-Kick-Me-Hard attitudes of the Tyrone Power and Alice Faye teams as they bobbled golden opportunities at the recent ten-pin tournament at San Jose.

Heartbreaking, indeed, was the five-man effort of the Alice Faye team whose first two games in the Open Class read 915 and 926. At this stage a 1000 point game would have put them in first place. It looked that way going into the eighth frame—then Old Man Hard Luck put his two cents in and the scoreboard read four splits and an error—all in one frame! Just to rub it in, the team of Elwood-Bow-Albright-Moore-Morgan walked into three more splits in the tenth frame and a sad score of 800 points which definitely put them out of the running.

The Tyrone Power outfit of Vaughn-Pittenger-Morgan-Hechtlinger-Farley started with an aggravated case of the jitters in the 850 division and never managed to get out of the stage very far. However, two of the boys compensated partially for its failure by stepping into the money in the special singles events. Les Vaughn, publicity, garnered fourth place in the 160-69 class with a 555. And in the 170-179 division fifth place went to Lou Hechtlinger, also of publicity, with a three-game aggregate of 590.

A glad note reaches us before we go to press that the Tyrone Power team of Elwood-Pittenger-Macknick-Stitz-Lewis is currently leading the Special Division of the Fresno Mid-State Bowling Congress which winds up this week. The boys cracked down with a swell 2999-game which should leave them one-two-three at the finish. Here's wishin' splits to your foes!

Negotiations are under way between Joe Rickards of the Transportation Department and Charles Hubbard, Personnel Director of Universal, to form an Inter-Studio golf team matches league.

Present plans call for three 4-men teams to play at handicap between 20th Century-Fox and Universal some time during July, and if any golfers on the lot are interested, they are requested to call Joe Rickards on Station 533.

Hubbard and Rickards are contacting a number of the other studios in order to try, at least, to form a league which will include all the studios which are interested in golf.

The Labor Department seems to have a commanding lead in the Inter-Department Softball League, having won all six games played. The Grips have lost their grip, and are in the cellar with five games lost. Standings follow:

GROUP INSURANCE

Team	G.P.	W.	L.	Pct.
Laborers	6	6	0	1.000
Construction	6	5	1	.833
Janitors	6	4	2	.667
Transportation	7	4	3	.571
Publicity	6	2	4	.333
Electrical	6	2	4	.333
Property	6	2	4	.333
W. A. Lab	6	2	4	.333
Grips	5	0	5	.000

Closing time for making entry in the Women's Golf Tournament has been extended to noon Friday, June 3rd, by Jack Codd, tournament chairman. Contestants are urged to make entry at once with Miss Neva O. Mead, and secure starting times. Station 338.

BADMINTON

WANTED: 32 (or more) Badminton players for a studio tournament. There will be both single and double matches, prizes and trophies for the winners. Entry fee for the singles will be \$1.25. The fee for the doubles and the dates for the matches will be announced as soon as we receive enough entries.

If you wish to compete, send your name and address to Eric Swarthe, Room 213 New Administration Building.

The same number of contestants are necessary for a tennis tournament.

Finals In Studio Team Matches To Be Played This Month

By JOE RICKARDS

Sunday, June 5th, brings the two leading teams in Group 1 together at Rancho Golf Course to decide the winner of the division. The Studio Championship will be played off on June 19th between the winner of this match and the winner of Group 2, which at this time appears to be the boys from the Cutting Rooms. Standings follow:

Group 1

No.	Team	Won	Lost
1	Garage	38	10
8	Music	33 1/2	14 1/2
7	Production	28 1/2	19 1/2
5	Set Dressers	24	24
2	Construction	24	24
4	Transportation No. 1	18 1/2	29 1/2
6	Electric	14	34
3	Painters No. 1	13 1/2	34 1/2

Group 2

No.	Team	Won	Lost
9	Editorial	47 1/2	8 1/2
10	Film Library	39	17
5	Transportation No. 2	37 1/2	18 1/2
2	Auditing	30 1/2	25 1/2
8	Carpenters	27 1/2	28 1/2
4	Mechanics	27 1/2	28 1/2
1	Publicity	25 1/2	30 1/2
3	Painters No. 2	23 1/2	32 1/2
6	Sign Painters	17 1/2	38 1/2
7	Special Effects	13	43



By TOM DUNNION

This is in no way an apology for taking over this column, but is in the way of an explanation. It seems that at twelve noon Bess Lasky, through the sweetest coercion, made known the need of my times as a columnist. Fearing the consequences of my failure to acquiesce, this column was written by one o'clock. It may not be good, but it fills space. Next month watch your step, 'cause we are really going to town.

Come, all youse gobs, stand at attention! Admiral Mescall demands the respect and courtesy due to a person of his rank. It seems he has purchased a new boat, telephone installed, because he wants to hide away when he finishes a picture.

At the time of this writing, Dan Clark is in Canada, and Curt Fetters, who just came back from Louisville, Roy Ivey and Bud Mautino, who check in from Elsinore, lucky guys these cameramen, are preparing to join him.

Bob Graham, formerly of "Lightening Express" fame, recently acquired a longing look which disappears only when he is in the presence of one Nellie, as fair a damsel as these aged eyes have ever feasted upon. Don't be surprised if congratulations are in order soon.

As Art Miller was driving to the dentist, the same day he went home ill, an Iowa driver disputed the right of way with him. We all hope that he is back at work soon, and wish him a speedy recovery.

Among those who left for Indianapolis to see and photograph the big race, are four more lucky cameramen, J. O. Taylor, Chick McGill, Jack Epstein and Bob Gough.

And that reminds me; Roger Shearman would like to know who sends him those notes signed "TGOM." Charlie Bohne would like a cold remedy after working on the ice, and Ledge Haddow would like some of the ice cream that floats around after work on the Sonja Henie picture. He is content with the hot chocolate on the ice.

When Bill Whitley wanted his lot fenced in, Ted Weisbarth got it for him wholesale.

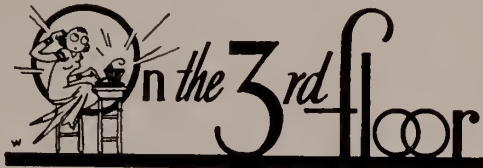
Al Lebovitz is making his debut as a slate man with the Humberstone company. I hope Mr. Humberstone reads this and helps the boy out.

GROUP INSURANCE

All is peace and quiet since the Lang company finished. No more do we hear the voice of Paul Garnett ringing out in wonderment as to the whereabouts of the lightening express both collectively and individually at any time.

Personally, I think that locations are swell. They sound like such an adventure, but Frank Fore says, "What, another location? Everything is back to normal—all in a mess."

GROUP INSURANCE



By GLADYS BARRETT

Tally ho! Bea Carroll off to Alaska by plane and boat. Harry Tugend and family to New York. Peggy Lent married. Arline Pinks ecstatically pricing champagne and satin wedding gowns. She'll tie the knot in June, in a garden wedding.

If there's anything to that business of environment, Wendy must be a very erudite Scottie. Wendy is the constant companion of Frances Richardson, Research Library head.

You'll never believe it until you see: Esther Brody juggling two phones, a book full of dictation, a recipe for strawberry shortcake, an advertising man, a whistling water-kettle, and a curling-iron! And two writers.

Add one of the finest father-daughter combinations. Ray and Eleanor Harris, in adjacent offices.

It's become pretty much of a bromide for the new baby to arrive and some wag to announce that the father is doing nicely. It seems this tradition is creeping up even unto the third and fourth generation. Because t'other day Sam Hellman didn't start dictating at exactly nine-fifteen of a morning. First time in fifteen years. Stayed home in bed. Night before, he'd become the proud recipient of a grand-daughter. (Editor's note: We think it's mighty big of us to skip that obvious crack about the Cantor precedent.)

We were that flattered when Isobel Lennart broke down and let us shake the hand that shook the hand of Clark Gable. Seems Isobel knows the gent personally.

Good thing Marjorie Matthews looks right fetchin' on crutches, because the poor lass has a broken bone in her ankle. She acquired same when she got caught in some mean surf while swimming and a tough wave slapped her down. Shame.

GROUP INSURANCE



By DICK DARLING

A glance in the Prop Shop these days would cause anyone to speculate whether the studio intends to run a Sweepstakes or a Fox Hills Derby, judging from the racetrack paraphernalia under course of construction. There's plenty of get-up and umph to those beer keg bang-tails that will be seen in "Straight, Place and Show." And as for the palatial horse trailer to carry "Hassan," the donkey in "Suez," not even War Admiral can sport one finer.

Wouldn't be a bad idea to stage a race between "Hassan" and the Ritz Brothers' oat burners; perhaps Nick Carmona could be prevailed upon to peddle the tickets on the Celluloid Sweepstakes—it would sort of keep his "hand in" between the Irish Sweepstakes and the Derby.

Three guesses as to what Frank Hills used for the balloon effect on the slide trombones played by the Ritz Brothers in "Kentucky Moonshine." You tell 'em, Frank; we blush so easily!

Wonder what the idea is of half the gang wanting to visit the Canvas Room under the pretext of checking up on the canvas signs? It isn't due to heat prostration. Maybe it's just a case of "Light Headedness."

And speaking of improvements—the masterpiece of the month is the ultra-modern, streamlined "Chic Sales" on wheels that would make the handiwork of the Specialist a proper relic for the Smithsonian Institute. The 1938 model has everything; well, almost everything; perhaps someone will donate a mail order catalog.

GROUP INSURANCE



By JIMMY EARIE and RUTH SWARZCHILD

Congratulations to our boss, Frances Richardson, for her interesting radio talk May 15th on the occasion of the California Librarians' convention. . . . Katherine Lambert is in the market for a new address with a Colonial style of house preferred. . . . Gertrude Kingston raves about Francis Lederer's fine performance in "Golden Boy." . . . Ruth Swarzchild will blessed event a brain child in the form of a one-act play about August 31st. . . . Ruth Fox

virtually deluged with requests from the "local boys" to be her caddie at the Studio's annual golf tournament. . . . Helen Webb weekly ponders "to ride or not to ride." Evidently our California weather holds the answer. . . . Erika Koessler brushing up on her 'Parlez vous Francais' Tuesday and Thursday evenings. . . . Mae Morris still rating four stars or five bells for her contagious laugh. . . . Bailey Love justifying all these rumors about having a fine voice with a stirring rendition of "Be Mine Tonight" at at the Dominos Club. . . . Wendy, our Library mascot, officially inaugurating the summer season with a classy Scotland windblown. . . . Orchids to Katherine Lambert and Erika Koessler for so graciously supplying the library with flowers of every color and variety.

GROUP INSURANCE



By J. R. WALSH, JR.

This month's hero: R. "Wimpy" Wellington, the man who forgot to duck.

Have you heard about the two laborers who were playing poker? One of them drew a spade; yeah! and leaned on it.

With all the safety talk making the rounds, I am forced to heed the many complaints and mention the dangerous intersection at Santa Monica Boulevard and Club View Drive, opposite the studio gate. It is understood that a campaign was once before started to have a pedestrian subway or traffic lights at the above crossing. Why don't "the powers that be" take the necessary steps to see that one of the above safeguards is installed, thereby possibly saving serious injury or perhaps death to one or more of the studio employees. Remember, an ounce of prevention is worth countless pounds of cure.

We have yet to bite the dust in the inter-departmental softball race. Our latest victims were the Electricians, Publicity, and Grips. So, it's still the same old story of "We're the king of the castle."

Phil "Echo" Marlhoit's theme song should be "You Took the Words Right Out of My Mouth" after his fiasco at umpiring in the game with the "gripless" Grips.

Those distant rumblings emanating from the general direction of the mill were only Al Shaffer muttering threats as to what his Construction ball team will do to Labor when they meet again. Don't you know that dreams never come true, Al.

GROUP INSURANCE



By MILDRED LOWE

Ollie Painter dropped in the production office the other morning to report that he has request from the general manager of a large sporting goods house for Mr. McFadden's endorsement to publicize Mac's new stance established in our recent Golf Tournament, in connection with their golf clubs. These people saw Mr. McFadden's photograph in CLOSE-UPS and are sure if they can get this new and individual stance copyrighted, that their present handicap of selling to people who lack elasticity of the feet would be completely overcome. Mr. McFadden is hesitant about entering into any such negotiations, even though his cost-consciousness tells him he should accept the offer; as he thinks the critical minded might not deem such a move befitting to a Production Manager's dignity. We are trying to convince him that inasmuch as no one has ever cashed in on the particular matter of being endowed with unusual elasticity of the foot, and that publicity of any kind, good or bad, if it involves money, is a matter not to be taken too lightly. Furthermore, he might go down in posterity as being the first person smart enough to cash in on a foot individuality, in this manner; to say nothing of the potential offers from shoe manufacturers, hosiery concerns, etc., which might prove very remunerative.

In discussing this with Buddy Erickson, our recently appointed assistant Production Manager, he feels that Mr. McFadden should have a business manager to handle endorsements, and, from 2 to 4 p.m. daily will be glad to interview any aspirants who feel qualified to handle such an assignment. You don't have to bother coming into the production office to find out whether Buddy is in his office. Just glance at the parking space beside the bungalow, and if you see Buddy's car parked crossways of three ordinary parking lanes, you'll know he is in, but that won't necessarily mean that he is busy as he parks in that manner whether in a hurry or not.

GROUP INSURANCE



By H. L. TARNOFF

No classic nymph could have been more charmingly gay and graceful than that sprite of the Laboratory vaults, Ethel Goldfarb.

We saw Ree Mulligan coming down the alley the other morning staggering. Her head was

down and clasped tightly in her arms was the most ponderous book we have ever seen. With a gasp she got in the front door and dropped it on our desk. We flipped the pages—1250 of them! "Some tome," said we, uttering an incredulous whistle. It was our first close-up view of "Anthony Adverse."

We have it on good authority that both Johnny Cunningham and Lynn Cooper suffer from the most hideous nightmares. After their day's work is done and they are safely asleep in their little trundle beds, night after night they dream of being pursued by huge tanks of Hypo and monstrous, sky high developing machines, all shrieking at the tops of their lungs, "Clean me, clean me." At the end they are always about to be swallowed, when they awake dripping with perspiration, usually on the floor where their frantic struggles have put them.

GROUP INSURANCE



By JIMMIE JACKSON

A BIG RED APPLE . . .

For V. L. (Mac) McFadden, a square-shooter who came up from the ranks and who hasn't forgotten it—one of the most universally liked men on the lot.

For Hector Saberoli of Fred Sersen's department who got up out of a sick bed and worked until four o'clock in the morning getting out a rush job for us—a beautiful pencil sketch of Loretta Young as Eugenie for "Suez." And did such an excellent job that Miss Young raved about it and demanded one exactly like it for herself.

For Bill Weisheit, head of Projection Department, for making all the crippled children happy at Los Angeles Orthopedic Hospital. He brought the hospital's projection equipment up to date and in perfect condition.

And to Harry (Shorty) Mahler, who put in a lot of his off-duty hours working on this same equipment. And to Percy Brewer, who struggled through a showing with everything haywire which prompted Bill Weisheit to do something about it.

Add Coincidences: May 19th was the birthday of both Jimmy Engle and Wally Castle. Incidentally, Jimmy's swimming pool and tennis court at his new home in the valley are just about ready for use. Fee for visitors is a two-hour session with your choice of lawn mower, hoe, rake or shovel. Tools furnished free.

Allan McNeill—Poio Book—Jackson still waiting.



Projectionists

By S. V. "SCOOP" SMYTHE

Scoop! Another prediction has borne fruit. The reason Johnny Smith has been walking on air, as observed by your scribe some time ago, is a young lady by the name of Evelyn Dahlgren. This will cost the Studio Club money. Also the boys should know that our fair-haired Johnny is now singing on the radio over station KGER on Monday and Friday at 4:15 p.m. under the name of John Stanley.

A world's record has been set by Dewey Overton for a brake reline job. Starting early Saturday p.m., he worked all day Sunday, called the studio for a day off Monday and finished up some time Tuesday and kept the cost just under twenty bucks. Talent will out!

Ervin Holden (the sparrow that screams like an eagle) tells me in strict confidence that he is allergic to blondes.

Pete Vigneault just rushed in to say that the rumor going around that Marion is a misanthropist is far from the truth.

Lloyd Nelson has just found out the best way to make his wife sit up and take notice, and that is for him to talk in his sleep.

GROUP INSURANCE



By AL SHAFFER

What to write about this month is a problem. Being on the graveyard shift for so long makes one feel like a night owl.

Once more our promising welterweight went to the post and came home in front by 20 lengths. We speak of none other than Lee Orey, the Smiling Redhead.

Have you boys seen the cute little blonde that we have in our midst? 'Tis rumored she is from the Isle of Erin and, begorra, it must be true, for she's been blessed with the name of Casey.

After five months George Wolverton finally broke down and bought Kelly Smith that Xmas present. Better late than never.

GROUP INSURANCE

Some guys have all the luck. A good looking set of golf clubs was won by Grieg Reed, but he had to take seven chances to pick the lucky name.

GROUP INSURANCE



By EDWINA HILLIARD

Seen in a Los Angeles newspaper: "A towel rack outside the Fox Coffee Shop bears the sign 'Crying Towel'." Wonder if the writer knew the meaning of that crying towel? . . . During the filming of "Lucky Penny," the extra girls with their huge skirts had quite a time entering the Coffee Shop; one girl just couldn't get in at all. . . . Ever since Dick Baldwin filed intention to wed Cecilia Parker last May 9th there has been a lot of gloomy faces. . . . We shall miss John Bodner when he flies to New York with Mrs. Bodner and the films of "Kidnapped."

Have heard three different stories on how McLain, day sergeant on the Police Force, got that beautiful black eye. . . . Coffee Shop employees have been and are vacation bound. Don is headed for Nebraska, Marjorie visited the wide open spaces of Oklahoma, while Beverly spent her time in Santa Barbara.

Daily Reminder: Don't put yourself upon a pedestal, for the only way you can step is down.

"THE DYNAMO"

By MONTE HOWARD

A dynamo's a big machine to furnish power and light
And run the city street cars, or light our homes at night;
And turn the wheels of industry—charge batteries and such—
But if it's not connected right, it don't amount to much.
We speak of Men as Dynamos when they accomplish things—
Things that seem super-human and prompt attention brings.
These men are only humans—they concentrate, that's all!
And give their utmost effort to whatever duties call.
Their work becomes their dynamo—their thoughts, connecting wires—
And as they bear down on their work, they light the inner fires.
That's why these men are "riding high" and getting "heavy dough,"
So pitch in! Get connected! And you'll be a dynamo!

(With apologies to Roger Ferri)

Thanks For The Prizes

The Golf Tournament Prize Committee wishes to acknowledge with thanks the generous response to its request for donations and prizes by those with whom the Studio does business, by the people on the lot and by the Studio Club. Following is a list of employees and people associated with the Studio who donated, and it is hoped each will accept this personally as an expression of appreciation. Business houses and individuals not on the lot will be sent a card of thanks.

Ameche, Don	Faye, Alice	Krapalik, Jack	Revel, Harry
Andriot, Lucien	Ferris, Walter	Kuller, Sid	Ritz Brothers
Anger, Lou	Field, Virginia	Lahr, Bert	Robinson, Bill
Annabella	Flora, Rolla	Lang, June	Romero, Cesar
Balderson, J.	Goetz, William	Lang, Walter	Rose, Gene
Baldwin, Dick	Golden, Ray	Laube, Grover	Rosenberg, Mike
Barbier, George	Gordon, Mack	Leeds, Herbert I.	Royer,
Baxter, Warner	Greene, Richard	Lehrman, Henry	Ryan, James
Beck, Thomas M.	Griffith, Raymond	Leshing, M.	Sawyer, Geneva
Berlin, Irving	Guggenheim, Robt., Jr.	Levy, Arthur M.	Schreiber, Lew
Bodnar, John	Hall, David S.	Lorre, Peter	Schenck, Joseph M.
Brand, Harry	Halprin, Sol	Luke, Keye	Scharf, Walter
Brooks, Phyllis	Hammeras, Ed	Macgowan, Kenneth	Scott, Douglas
Brown, Harry Joe	Hammeras, R.	MacDonald, Phillip	Seiter, William A.
Brown, Lew	Hansen, Edmund H.	Marley, Peverell	Sersen, F. M.
Buttolph, David	Harris, Ray	Martin, Tony	Skouras, Charles
Byington, Spring	Hellman, Sam	Marshall, George E.	Snyder, Ed
Castle, Nick	Heman, Roger	Markey, Gene	Summerville, Slim
Christensen, V. G.	Henie, Sonja	McFadden, V. L.	Sperling, Milton
Clare, Sidney	Herschel, Mr.	McGill, Barney	Spina, Harold
Clarke, Charles J.	Hersholt, Jean	McLaglen, Victor	Sternad, Rudolph
Clark, Dan	Herzbrun, Bernard	McVey, Paul	Stofel, Joe
Collins, Ed B.	Holmes, Brown	Merman, Ethel	Studio Club
Codd, J. B.	Hough, R. L.	Mescall, John	Styne, Jule
Creber, Lewis	Hovick, Rose Louise	Metzler, Fred	Taylor, J. O.
Cronjager, Edward	Humberstone, H. B.	Michel, W. C.	Temple, Shirley
Cummings, Irving	Hurst, Paul	Miller, Arthur	Terry, Ruth
Darwell, Jane	Hyland, Frances	Miller, Virgil	Treacher, Arthur
Davis, Harry	Ingster, Boris	Mockridge, Cyril J.	Vernon, Wally
Deane, Shirley	Irving, Al E.	Moore, Louis F.	Wakeling, Gwen
De Gateno, Al	Johnson, Nunnally H.	Moore, Pauline	Wasson, Jr., George F.
Del Ruth, Roy	Johnson, Julian	Newman, Alfred	Werker, Alfred
De Lavigne, Emilio	Josephson, J.	O'Keefe, James	Wertheimer, Lou
Dietrich, Ralph	Joy, Jason S.	Palmer, Ernest	Westley, Helen
Dods, Hector S.	Kahn, Ivan	Peters, Hans	Whalen, Michael
Donlevy, Brian	Kane, Robert	Planck, Robert	Wilkerson, S.
Douglas, Haldane	Kaufman, Eddie	Pollack, Lew	Withers, Jane
Dover, William B.	Kaylin, Sam	Power, Tyrone, Jr.	Witte, L. J.
Dwan, Allan	Kellard, Robert	Prouty, Jed	Wright, Alfred
Ernest, George	Kent, Sidney R.	Purcell, Lou	Wurtzel, Sol
Engel, Samuel	King, Henry	Ratoff, Gregory	Yellen, Jack
Enright, Florence	Kirk, Mark-Lee	Ray, Albert	Zanuck, Darryl
Fairbanks, Robert	Kosa, Emil		



CHICK CHANDLER TYRONE POWER
COL. JASON JOY HECTOR DODS



AL LEBOVITZ, CHAMPION
JOHNNY MESCALL LLOYD NOBLE



CHARLES PERRIN KELLY HUSTON
AL SHAFFER ROY LOVITT



SOME OF THE PRIZES



HARRY ORRIS GEORGE HALL
FRANK TRABERT EVERETT LULL



WALLY ALDERTON PHIL GERSDOR
DICK PITTENGER MILT HOW



OLLIE PAINTER and MARY MORROW



J. B. CODD V. L. McFADDEN
JAS. O'KEEFE ALEX KELLY



KENNETH MACGOWAN FRED L. METZLER
ROBT. GUGGENHEIM, JR. DAVID HEMPSTEAD



WALTER LEDGERWOOD CHUCK ALBRIGHT
EDDIE EDSTROM LES HAAS



EMILIO DE LAVIGNE ROBT. FAIRBANKS
L. J. PURCELL GEO. WASSON, JR.

Employees' Annual Golf Tourney Great Success; Ladies' Flight June 5th

The 1938 Studio Employees' Annual Golf Tournament, held at Rancho Golf Club on May 8th, was the largest and most successful in the history of the Tournament. Play started at 4:30 a.m. and the party continued to 10:30 p.m.—a swell time was enjoyed by everyone there.

The play resulted in a three-way tie for low gross, Johnny Mescall, Lloyd Nobles and Jack Lebovitz each scoring a 73, one over par. The tie was played off on Sunday, May 22nd, and was won by Lebovitz, who turned in another 73, while Nobles and Mescall, who were off in their putting, each shot 80's.

Jack Codd, Tournament Chairman, wishes to announce that the film will be shown and prizes distributed as soon as possible. The delay has been caused by the impossibility of putting the sound effects in the picture due to the fact that the re-recording room has been in 100 percent use in connection with production.

The Ladies' Flight will be played at Rancho on Sunday, June 5th, commencing at 10:30 a.m. Arrangements have been made for luncheon and for dancing during the afternoon and evening, and it is anticipated that there will be even more fun than at last year's event. About 100 players are expected, and Alex Kelly, Chairman of the Prize Committee, says there will be a prize for every player. Ollie Painter will be on hand to act as starter of the event.



By MARY GOHLMAN

From the current discussion, "How's Your Phobia Today?" and a couple of psychology books (which we didn't read) evolved the following list:

1. ACROPHOBIA—fear of heights or high places
2. AGORAPHOBIA—fear of open places
3. ALGOPHOBIA—fear of pain
4. AUTHROPOPHOBIA—fear of men or of one particular man
5. ASTRAPHOBIA—fear of thunder or of other meteorological phenomena
6. BOTOPHOBIA—fear of cellars (and what they contain)
7. CLAUSTROPHOBIA—fear of enclosed spaces (as Carthy Circle Theater)
8. EREUTOPHOBIA, more commonly called ERYTHROPHOBIA—fear of blushing
9. GYNOPHOBIA—fear of women or of some particular woman
10. HEMATOPHOBIA—fear of blood
11. MISOPHOBIA—fear of contamination
12. MONOPHOBIA—fear of solitude
13. NEOPHOBIA—fear of the new or unfamiliar
14. NYCTOPHOBIA—fear of the darkness
15. OCHLOPHOBIA—fear of crowds
16. PATHOPHOBIA—fear of disease or barber's itch
17. TEOCATIPHOBIA—fear of sinning
18. PHOBOPHOBIA—fear of fear, fear that one will be afraid
19. TAPHEPHOBIA—fear of being buried alive
20. THANATOPHOBIA—fear of death
21. THEOPHOBIA—fear of God
22. TOXOPHOBIA—fear of poisons or of being poisoned
23. VOKEPHOBIA—fear of returning home
24. ZOOPHOBIA—fear of animals, or of some particular animal
25. MYSOPHOBIA—fear of contamination
26. PYROPHOBIA—fear of fire
27. CYNOPHOBIA—fear of dogs
28. KERAUNOPHOBIA—fear of thunder
29. AILUROPHOBIA—fear of cats
30. ERGASIOPHOBIA—fear of work
31. KLOPSOPHOBIA—fear of thieves
32. SIDERODROMOPHOBIA—fear of railways
33. TRISKAIDEKAPHOBIA—No. 13
34. GEPHYROPHOBIA—fear of crossing a bridge
35. OPHIDIOPHOBIA—fear of snakes
36. PANOPHOBIA—fear of everything

The psychologists claim every person is entitled to two or more phobias. We have taken the liberty of uncovering at least one Phobia of every member of the department. You pick the rest!

Wally Alderton (13), Tom Alfred (2), Dot Arden (8), Jack Cooper (32), Ray Dannenbaum (21), Jim Denton (31), Ruth Dunlap (11), Gene Kornman (11), Phil Gersdorf (18), Marie Gillen (3), Larry Ginsburg (9), Mary Gohlman (30), Charlie Goldie (17), Gordon Gordon (9), Anna Mae Hart (7), Dave Hechtlinger (33), Lou Hechtlinger (9), Lillian Hill (4), Margerie Hockley (29), Milt Howe (12), Ruth Huff (23), George Hussey (34), Sam Israel (8), Bob Johns (12), Jim Lee (23), Annarea Maher (17), Peggy McNaught (8), Jim Mitchell (24), Don Morgan (35), Mary Morrow (7), Jack Mulcahy (26), Troy Orr (6), Ollie Painter (6), Frank Perett (14), Dick Pittenger (36), Katy Robinson (15), Bernie Schermer (1), Jerry Solomon (17), Eric Swarth (22), Les Vaughn (16), George Weiss (22), Bill Winter (19), Sonia Wolfson (13), Guy Young (19).

THOSE WHO HAVE GROUP INSURANCE

may pay premiums in advance during vacation periods so that their insurance will remain in force.

According to the OFFICE BOYS



By OSCAR H. ARNSTEIN

As pah-lenty of filmed golfers know, the studio tourney was played on Mother's Day. To this, George Burnett murmured, "A man's best friend is his Putter." . . . Ralph Ritz likes to swing to that new Mexican dance—the Big Enchilada. . . . Bob Sies used to be a Westerner until Fleischmann's brought him Yeast. . . . A goblet is not a sailor's son. . . . While Miss Grannan is on vacash, Pauline Libke is in the telegraph office. . . . H. Fowler, who is rusting, not resting, on his laurels, knows a man who is producing another sea picture, "Show Boat and the Seven Wharfs." . . . Will Fred Barman, who picked up a mink coat in the casting office, please return the blonde who was wearing it? . . . Cathey Burrow, the woman's home companion, has another row-mance with G. S. She looks like a cartoon by Petty. . . . A hotel scene was written on one page of the script because the hotel only had one Page. . . . Your man about town writer, whose average income is about 3 a.m., has a yarn about a mystery in a men's clothing store. The title: "Clues Make the Man."

"Three Blind Mice" should be three times better than "Brother Rat." . . . What director's secretary is scripting her autobiography, "The Love Life of a Jean-ius"? . . . Orchards of Buttercups to Esther Brody for sending us a bunchful of sweets. . . . Wilyum Mace knows a swell Chinese barber. What—another China Clipper! . . . Eddie, candy vendor, won another Charlie McCarthy doll at the beach. Local Boy Makes Wood. The Mail Dept. at Universal is stamping letters with a McCarthy stamp to advertise "Letter of Introduction." . . . We bet all the Japs in China that Carl Gottlieb and Ed Nugent are going steady, but not with each other. . . . "Kidnapped" was grand. Especially the Baxter sword duel aboard ship. He really went to the head of the clash.

GROUP INSURANCE



By THE STAFF

Our columnist, Jessie Boswell, is vacationing in her new home. The "B's" are invited to a housewarming, which will have passed when you read this.

If you walk into the workroom you won't be having hallucinations—there really are "five

of a kind" of several outfits for the Quintuplets.

Le Vaughn Larson is the lucky wardrobe girl who goes to Canada for the picture.

Lizzie Rogers never knew she would be making skins for fishes, but it happened in "Meet the Girls," Herschel designing mermaid costumes for Lynn Bari and June Lang.

Florence Kaylor is sporting a nice new car with a cute little kitten (Suzanne) for a mascot.

Val Brockner has been kept busy running between the A Unit and the B Unit, sketching for both departments.

Now we know why Joiette Schmid has been so studiously studying French. The gentleman on the 'phone has a decided accent.

Gladys Isaacson back on the job Monday from San Francisco, proud and beaming. Her son, Alvin, received his B.A. degree.

GROUP INSURANCE



By G. C. McHOSE

Remember: Success is entirely a state of mind.

All the men in this department are interested in the Safety Program of the studio. I'm sure that the results are quite noticeable since the studio started the safety campaign with that appropriate slogan—THINK SAFETY. . . . However, thinking safety isn't going to do the work entirely. We have to act safely. There are a couple of men who, when driving the grip trucks, neither think safety nor act safely. They get a truck loaded with thirty or forty men, drive fast, stop suddenly and turn corners so sharp that a dangerous amount of weight is thrown against the none too strong side gates. If this practice continues, an accident is inevitable. Now's the time for something to be done. I sincerely hope that someone, who has the power, will correct this practice. I'm sure that they would if they would but take one ride on the back of a crowded truck on one of those harem-scarem trips.

Kenneth (sailor boy) Daw became angry at a 2x4, made a wild swing with his hammer, hit himself in the head, broke his nose and messed up his hammer. He's standing up under it quite well, though.

Fred (gigolo) Johnson broke out with another new suit and hat. Gosh, seems as though

GROUP INSURANCE

he gets a new outfit as often as Karl (muscle man) Mussey changes overalls.

The Night Crew's softball team continues to win games. They took the Technicolor team to the tune of 10 to 5 and hammered out a couple of wins from Construction, 5 to 3 and 5 to 2. What the boys need is a backer. That's right, they don't have a backer. Think what they would do if they had some of those flashy uniforms! Guess you just couldn't hold them—I betya.

D. M. (grave grabber) Blair has returned from a couple of weeks vacation at Western Avenue. D. M. is quite anxious to put his new deck dropping system into practice. So far he hasn't been able to persuade a high crew to try it. The system is sure to make a hit, though.

Frank (I'll betya) MacArdle is off to the hospital for repairs. Here's hoping for a speedy recovery.

Most of we fellows in this department were taught that cleanliness was next to Godliness but we found out that it is next to the impossible in our end of the studio. We still ain't got no washroom. I know it isn't right to use 'ain't got no,' but it isn't right for us not to have a washroom either.

GROUP INSURANCE



By BOB WELLINGTON

It is a long road that has no turning; a man is never down until he's out, and every cloud has a silver lining.

Your Coverall Correspondent has come into possession of a bit of information bearing definite proof that the hope that springs eternal in the human breast springs not in vain.

Once upon a time, Big Mac McDonough and John M. Landen were studio cops. Oh, woe is me! Oh, woe was them!

Whenever they appeared upon the streets, anxious mothers hurriedly concealed their offsprings behind their voluminous skirts. Dogs bit them. Small boys pelted them with stones and passing automobiles spattered them with mud. But Big Mac and John were men of iron will and mighty courage. Despite their lowly calling, the worm did turn—both worms.

Big Mac and John are now no longer cops. They have risen. They have shaken off the manacles of an unsavory past. They have achieved the ultimate. THEY ARE JANITORS.

GROUP INSURANCE



By BOB PAINE

With Jack Epstein taking his super-Plymouth back to the Memorial Day races at Indianapolis, excitement is at high pitch in this department. However, consensus of the rail-birds gives Eppy only an outside chance for victory, for they are prone to discredit his many sweeping statements concerning the super-Plymouth's capabilities. Nevertheless, we wish him the best, along with the stern admonition not to forget to turn the camera motor on as he takes his spins around the brick platter.

Jack Burrows is always good for a show, and last week proved no exception. It seems that Jack was wanted in court for some matter or another, but for several weeks he had been particularly successful in eluding a series of process-servers. Words are powerless to describe his consternation when one of these legal dare-devils made him the present of a gilt-edged summons. The ensuing scene was a furious one which found Jack chasing the startled gentleman up the street. At last, panting and perspiring, Jack gave up the chase, muttering in self-justification, "Well, that's the first one that ever got me in 20 years."

When Ernie Miller returns from his vacation, no doubt he will be accused of having visited the moon. However, the truth is that he will be bringing back fifty pounds of cheese from his North Dakota farm. To all you lean and cadaverous ones, this is not an advertisement for a "free lunch."

Earl Metz has just returned from a two weeks' vacation at Pismo Beach, reporting that he caught the limit of clams and crabs.



By GENEVRA JACKSON

The battles of our sailing fraternity with elements are nothing compared to battles with the contractor, plumber, etc., when building a home, says Roger Heman. Roger moved into his home May 16th, a farmhouse type dwelling in North Hollywood, and as an anticlimax had no electricity for a few days. Deeming it easier to buy a place already built, Barney Freericks found a home near the Westwood Campus to his family's liking. The

GROUP INSURANCE

Braggins-Selvidge-Wright combine building a road near their lots on Woodrow Wilson Drive which they say IS a battle.

Mert Strong raises registered saddle horses and has one cow pony he takes around to rodeos for calf roping contests. He also trains and boards horses. Gallant Boy, one of the Santa Anita winners, is now in his hands. The next big event he is looking forward to is the Northridge Horse Show.

Herman Richards regrets his inability to attend the Indianapolis races over Memorial Day. He has gone every year and the Burd piston ring racer he helped build two years ago has the pole position this time, with Floyd Roberts at the wheel—and we hope it wins. . . . All the boatmen will be on the briny deep—Joe Aiken and Ken Pier will be racing in the Spring series. "Skipper" Hansen will be found at the Isthmus, 'as well as Carl Faulkner. . . . Those who have visited Hobby's Sabrina Camp say it is one grand place and many hope to get up there over Memorial Day.

Winnie Leverett plans to take his golf clubs along to Canada so he can play with Don (enthusiastic over the game) Flick and Bob Bertrand while they're making "Five of a Kind." Should take Jim Trucano and Von along to really live up to that title.

Carl Faulkner reports there's no end to the things you find in carrots cooked with peas.

The entry list from the Sound Department for the Ladies' Golf Tournament is surely slim.

Believe it or not! Bill Snyder, the Gene Fowler of the department, likes symphonies, and Cecil Bruner roses.

GROUP INSURANCE



By FRANK BEETSON

The scrub bowling team of this department holds all honors for high point, high ball, and high-ho everybody. This is to tell you that amid the confusion of popping beer bottles and crackling popcorn, the ignoble second team of the department kicked the daylights out of a heretofore invincible team of bowlers, previously referred to as the cellar champs, and at present not referred to at all.

Marguerite Royce is happily displaying a diamond pin given to her by Sonja Henie.

Mr. Levy is back with us after an extended vacation which we are sure he enjoyed. He is proudly showing a diploma and medals from

the l'Institut Litteraire et Artistique de France, sent to him for supreme achievement in Style and Fashion, and incidentally, the only one we know of to be received by anyone in this line of endeavor.

GROUP INSURANCE



By MAY STANHOPE

PAINLESS PAYMENT . . You'll be a paid-up member and never miss those Studio Club dues from now on! By a new method, effective at once, deductions can be made in five weekly installments from your pay check. All you have to do is sign a slip authorizing deduction in the sum of 25c, 50c or \$1.00 per week. At the end of the period you receive a paid membership card for the next six months.

Proposed by Dave Alleman, Studio Club Treasurer, this plan is a great victory for the Club and should add hundreds of new members to its roster. Sincere thanks to the Studio Management, Al De Weese, Dale Garrett, and all concerned for rendering this much needed assistance.

PICNIC PLANS . . Are in the hands of Jimmy Dinneen, Maintenance, Ed Mueller, Transportation, and Ray LeFrancois, Labor, W.A., who are looking for the PERFECT location. Looks like the big event will be held about the middle of August.

SWIMMING GROUP . . Club has tentative plans about a swimming group. If that's your sport, or you want to learn, send your name to the Studio Club.

BENEFITS . . Birth gifts paid since last issue total \$325 and death benefits of \$100 each were paid to the beneficiaries of Joe Barnum, Paint, and Clyde McCarty, Drapery.

MUSIC IN THE AIR . . Eddie Abdo has resumed his popular singing instruction for studio employees after a lapse of several weeks' location with "Suez." Class meets promptly at eight every Monday night in Music Rehearsal Hall. Come over and get acquainted with Eddie and his ambitious members, one of whom is now on radio.

WELL-KNOWN NAMES . . Recent additions to list of Club members include: Annabella, James O'Keefe and Don Bush—making a total of 1600! Drive is NOW ON for second half of 1938.

WHISPERINGS . . "Cap" Greer is saving again—this time it's ladies! Ask Grace Lloyd to tell you about this latest crime thriller. And—no matter HOW MANY tickets you have on the Ford sedan, ALL the winning ones are for sale at the office of the Studio Club!

THE ASSESSOR

By BETTYE CRUMP

"Good Mornin', Mam,"
 Came a cheery greeting,
 "Nice day it is,
 An' I'm glad of the meetin'."
 "Have you something to sell, Sir?
 You see I haven't much time,
 And if it's brushes or mops,
 Well, I haven't a dime!"
 "I spose you've some furniture
 You prize very highly?"
 "Indeed I have, Sir,"
 I replied quite blithely.
 "If you want to buy it,
 I just won't sell,
 It's worth a pretty penny—
 How much, well, I won't tell."
 "Let's have a look then,
 For that's my trade,
 I'm the Furniture Assessor,"
 How my smile did fade!
 "Well, come in if you must,
 There really isn't much to see
 The furniture isn't expensive
 Only to the sentiment of me."
 "Now, those chairs and pictures
 Are rickety and old,
 They wouldn't bring a cent
 If they were to be sold.
 That clock doesn't run,
 This vase has a big crack,
 The baby grand looks good,
 But don't look at the back!"
 "Why, Mam, you've a gold mine
 Right under your very eyes,
 All these of course are antiques,
 That any Appraiser would prize.
 Assessments on these come high
 When the proper taxes are tacked on,
 Here's your bill, dear Lady,
 Good-day, I must be gone!"
 And thus he left me,
 I can only moan and sigh,
 How will I ever pay this bill,
 Oh, why did I tell a lie!

GROUP INSURANCE

We see Roland ("Dynamite") Alexander made all the short pages in print for his noble performance on the ball diamond. . . . Maybe the Gilmore races are responsible for the road racing we heard about and the splendid practice done on the 300-mile course between Yuma and L. A. The best time made was 4 1/4 hours, but not timed by W. U., so it cannot be accepted as official.

Safety suggestion: There should be a stop sign on Santa Monica Blvd., just outside the Santa Monica gate. . . . William (Sandman) Kern was taking flying lessons at Yuma. . . . Mr. McLaughlin proved you can sleep on the highways safely if you are under a five-ton truck. . . . A sword was uncovered on the Yuma desert, left from "Under Two Flags." The blade is still in excellent condition. . . . Russ Bell knows a driver so tough that he chews radiator hose instead of chewing gum.

GROUP INSURANCE



By CELIA HILSENRAD

This was overheard in the Script Department: "Grace, will you swap pages with me? I'm typing a page where a man is about to have his leg cut off, and I can't stand it!"

Here and There: Kathleen Ridgeway will fly to Chicago around June 15th, and will that birthday-gift luggage come in handy! . . . Rosalyn Trager just in from New York and simply brimming over with the wonderful time she had. . . . Dorothy Harris, Ann Lawrence, Johnny Ehrin, Sam Woodward, Hugh Fowler and others did very nicely in "Once Bitten," one-act play presented off the lot. . . . Esmeralda, the cat, is no more, and Peggy Lent suspects fowl play. . . . That's the end of one source of copy!

By DOROTHY ROGERS

Marjorie Mathews returned to work recently, her broken leg still in a cast. The accident occurred in the surf a few weeks ago when the waves threw her up on the beach.

Bob Harris should be commended for his initiative in producing and directing his own show. Not only did he handle the play "Once Bitten," but he also had to find a theatre (The Dominoes), write and print and mail the invitations, and, proving his sincerity, he paid all expenses out of his own pocket. The show, by the way, was swell. Sidney Blackmer was kind enough to come down and m.c., Bailey Love sang "Be Mine Tonight," and an adorable three-year-old sang "I Ain't Got Nobody" in a Gertrude Neisen blues voice. Every member



By GEORGE MATTHEWS

We are all glad and pleased to see Bert Henderson back on the job again, and his wrestling with tarps should keep him in fit condition.

Mr. Dittman was going about with a large smile because of a new daughter. . . . Bill Leach too has been carrying the big smile, for at his home a new boy has walked in.

of the cast was swell, particularly Ann Lawrence, Dorothy Harris and Sam Woodward. Hi, Gert! Hi, there, Marie!

Dorothy Harris, incidentally, has fans! Three girls in a sports shop on the Boulevard saw her in a play some time ago, and her picture in CLOSEUPS (how it does get around!) and ever since they have been pestering yours truly for an autographed picture of her. Come on, Harris, kick in to your public.

Movies That Remind Us of People

Fifteen Wives.....	Bruce Fowler, Jr.
It's a Wise Child.....	Portia Lugoff
Blonde Venus.....	Ruth Webber
Adorable	Lorraine Stoll
Beloved Brat.....	Virginia Brentinger
Vivacious Lady.....	Florence Westgard
Dressed to Thrill.....	Whitney Johnstone
Playboy of the Western World....	Bob Ridgeway

Kathleen Ridgeway is all ready for that airplane trip to Chicago in July. Happy landings, Kathleen!

Obituary

The Twentieth Century-Fox Studios and many friends will mourn the death of Joe Barnum, who passed away at the General Hospital on May 20th.

Mr. Barnum had been ill for the past eight months, and was an employee of the Paint Department for more than two years.

He is survived by his widow, Mrs. Lucille Barnum, and three children: Frank, 23, who is employed in the Labor Department; Joe, 16, and Lucille, 10.

The studio also lost another beloved employee in the death of Clyde C. McCarty, in charge of the Drapery Department, who passed away suddenly on May 25th while enroute to the hospital from his home at 1643 Lake street, Glendale.

Mr. McCarty, who had been with the studio for fifteen years and one day, is survived by his widow, and one daughter, Patricia.

Funeral services were conducted at the Hollywood Cemetery, May 28th, under the auspices of the Masonic Lodge.



By GRACE LLOYD

Vacation time is among us, with Ron Barrows spending his at home getting acquainted with that new daughter of his. . . . Jeanette

Esrock is heading northward to San Francisco for her vacation, and Mr. Kelly is leaving via the Super Chief to Chicago, eastern Canada, back to Vancouver and the Coast route home. . . . Nothing definite, but we think Inglewood racetrack will be about the limit of travel for ours. . . . Our department had a hectic time entertaining a Filipino "dope" until Captain Greer arrived to take over the honors—and did the Captain look good to us when he walked in! . . . Time and space prevents us from eulogizing Red Archer's supreme effort—but anyone having a magnifying glass, take a look at Red's upper lip—it's adorable!



By GEORGE HALL

Bob Sorrell just bought another car, if that's what you want to call it. The last one he had lost a battle to a freight train, as would be expected, but he is starting out a little better on this one. He made his first payment to the police department for speeding 50 miles an hour through a tunnel.

Burt Crawford says anyone that can guess his age will receive a 20-lb. roasted turkey free. He is taking no chances, for no one could guess his age; he doesn't know it himself.

Now that the Painters have taken up horse-shoe pitching in a big way, they are never late for work any more except Ed Gamble.



By MARCELINE MOORE

Vacation time is here again, and our girls are starting to flit hither and yon.

Everett Waldorf is going to Portland and is bringing back a bride. We all wish him happiness. . . . Naomi Simon, Myra Long and Louise Ciacchio plan eastern vacations.

George Lee, our Chinese cook, was married May 21st. We all turned out for his wedding, which took place in Chinatown. The bride is a very pretty girl and they had a charming wedding.

We hear that a certain girl had \$2 on Sassafras the day he won and paid \$195.60. She did not know of her good luck until she purchased a paper on the way home from the

movies that night. When she saw the price, she thought it must be a misprint and went out and bought another paper.

Does "Lucky" Humberstone get his nickname from smoking so many Lucky Strikes?

"Notice to Destroy Weeds." (Attention Al "Pogo Stick" Maynard.)

There is quite a romance blossoming forth at this time. The happy couple are none other than the beautiful and talented Joan Carol and the handsome young swain John Russell (five years old).



By COUNTESS TABASCO

Unfortunately we have only limited space to devote to society members of the publicity department attending our recent premiere. But these three, recorded in the best manner of our fashion editor, are typical.

Miss Dorothy Arden, charming in deep-cut puffed rice sleeves, sea weed bolero, Dale Carnegie hat, and wearing black huarches.

Miss Ruth Huff, very distinctive in mauve camisole frock with fetching tunic of skunk tails, amethyst grapes in her dark hair, accompanied by a black look for anyone who doesn't like it!

Miss Mary Gohlman, demure in a lace and confetti dirndl, wearing lilies of the valley, and a fruit cocktail jacket—optimistically hoping for the best.



By BETTY WILCOX

SIGNS OF SUMMER:

Walter Rossi digging into his jeans to purchase a new Packard sedan. . . . Alan McNeil communing with nature in Scenario Canyon, only to come down with a slight case of poison ivy. . . . Is it true that Jack Wells is jealous because Winston Frost is giving him competition as the social lion of the Department? . . . Congratulations to Jack Lebovitz for winning the play-off of the Studio Golf Tournament. . . . Barney Wolf's ball team has won seventeen straight games! Must be the result of the new uniforms the studio purchased for the team! . . . We are all glad to see Sylvia Estin back at work after being ill so long. . . . The manufacturers of the Rolleiflex Camera have just asked Leonard Hoffman for some of his camera studies which, makes makes us very proud of him.

Here and There

By JEAN MITCHELL

June—the month of bugs, bees and brides. Dorothy Mae Gill dashed off to marry Bill Welling, May 23rd, and happy as a lark.

Rosalyn Traeger, back from a New York vacation, said she had a grand time but glad to be in California again.

The girls of the Script Department and secretaries here and there celebrated Kathleen Ridgeway's birthday on the 16th last. Kathleen was thrilled with the new pieces of aeroplanes luggage to add to her last Christmas set. Other lovely gifts were tucked inside, so there was one surprise after another. And a birthday cake, too, which added the final touch.

"Once Bitten" was presented by the dramatic group before an appreciative audience. Those amateur thespians are really putting on polish. 'Twouldn't amaze me in the least if they brought home professional laurels one of these days. Bruce Mitchell was both stage manager AND SOUND EFFECTS—from the looks of his skinned elbow.

Herman just came in—said he'd been telling short stories to the pygmies. Why, Herman!!

GROUP INSURANCE



By DAVID PRESTON

This department is wading in the Suez Canal up to its neck, but two of the boys manage to get on top of the water over week-ends.

Fred Sersen is busy making "big ones out of little ones." As a neophyte in the department I marvel each morning at the strange transfiguration that takes place daily in the film shot at Yuma and the Clay Pits near Elsinore. Caravans of camels emerge from nine mangy, disgruntled animals; sand dunes and cliffs disappear over night and in their place is seen the Suez Canal stretching into the vastness of the Sahara, with Port Said and the Mediterranean in the background.

Fitch Fulton can't make up his mind whether to wear out some of the rubber on his new Packard or stay at home over the week-end and work on some paintings he is getting ready for a future exhibition.

Acrostic

By **EDDIE ROBERTS**
Art Title Dept.

THANKS A MILLION
WEE WILLIE WINKIE
EVERYBODY'S OLD MAN
NANCY STEELE IS MISSING
THE ROAD TO GLORY
IN OLD CHICAGO
EDUCATING FATHER
THIN ICE
HEIDI
CAFE METROPOLE
EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT
KENTUCKY MOONSHINE
THINK FAST, MR. MOTO
UNDER YOUR SPELL
REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM
YOU CAN'T HAVE EVERYTHING
-
FIFTY ROADS TO TOWN
ON THE AVENUE
ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND
PRIVATE NUMBER
REUNION
ONE IN A MILLION
DANGER, LOVE AT WORK
UNDER TWO FLAGS
CHECKERS
TO MARY, WITH LOVE
INTERNATIONAL SETTLEMENT
OFF TO THE RACES
UNDER YOUR SPELL
SEVENTH HEAVEN

Biographical

By **GENEVA JACKSON**

Having the most years of service to his credit in the Sound Department is Edmund H. Hansen who has been Sound Director since 1928. Educated at Detroit Technical Institute and the University of Florida, he first became associated with radio development in 1909 working with ship and shore telegraph systems. Was Chief Radio Operator with the Detroit and Cleveland Navigation Company on the Great Lakes in 1915 and 1916, then joined the Luckenbach Steamship Company spending a year in Australia and New Zealand. Returning to the United States during wartime, he served as Naval Radio Instructor at Columbia University and then was assigned as Officer in Charge of Naval Radio Station, St. Augustine Florida. His duties afloat took him to the U.S.S. Frederick, U.S.S. Pittsburgh and U.S.S. Utah with the Commander of U. S. Naval Forces in European waters. Special assignments abroad were in the Naval Attache's Offices, London and Rome, Italy. In 1922 he was placed in charge of picture transmission experiments con-

ducted by the United States and Italian Navies. The experiments culminated in the first successful Trans-Atlantic radio picture which he received in Bar Harbor, Maine on a transmission from Rome, Italy. Resigning from the Navy he joined the New York World in charge of picture transmission development. After inaugurating this service between the New York World and the St. Louis Post Dispatch, joined the Radio Corporation of America in 1925 as Consulting Engineer and aided in the design and development of the first commercial photo-radio equipment used between London, New York and Honolulu.

In the latter part of 1926 joined the Fox Case Corporation in the development of Movietone sound recording systems. Recorded the first News Reel subject which was shown in the Roxy Theatre inaugurating Movietone News—this first news subject being the Lindberg takeoff. During a period of a year and a half several hundred tests of stage and screen celebrities were made, many of which were afterwards released as short subjects. Most outstanding of these were the Raquel Meller and Chic Sale shorts.

Boots & Saddles Club

By **GRACE LLOYD**

The Boots & Saddle Riding Club is developing into a group of real horsemen—and women—with an average attendance of 60 enthusiastic riders a week. A few spills have been taken which makes for a qualified horseman—others still have that to look forward to. Drilling has started preparatory to parade work—come out some Wednesday or Thursday night and watch your fellow employees do their stuff; we're more than proud of them. The evenings are delightful for riding and the Sunday morning breakfast rides have proven very popular—surprising how many hot baking powder biscuits one can eat. Some of the riders are appealing to the horses' better nature with lump sugar—and does Nick Janios howl about it disappearing from the tables since the Club started!

**HARRY O.
BROWN,**

One of the
Custodians
of the New
Administration
Building.





By ALICE JOHNSON

With "Alexander's Ragtime Band" released, we can all sit back and breathe a sigh of relief—not that we didn't enjoy working on the picture, but it was quite a job for this department.

With sound tracks now banned, we believe Cliff Ransom will really have to get down and work for a change.

Clara Bing seems to have lost the yen for playing poker—why?

Gertrude Schrage, one of our violinists, gave a concert in the Biltmore Music Room this past week and any musician would be proud to receive the ovation accorded this young lady.

Why the "HILL" billy look in Herb Stahlberg's eyes these days?

Alberta Buchanan is the first in our department to go on her vacation. She is planning a fishing trip in Canada and we expect great things of this "Ace-Angler."

Our Copying Department should take first place in the "gag" line. We are warning you to be prepared for almost anything when entering these portals.

Murray Ritter can now come down to earth again since seeing the preview of "Alexander's Ragtime Band."

Marcy Swindell can be seen every evening with a flashlight, salting snails on her lawn. Incidentally she is buying more fishing tackle, so here's hoping she gets a good catch.



By ART WEBB

Our Insurance Magnet received mention under every column in the May issue, so we skip him this time.

Was "Cec" McKinney blushing after Ty Power picked up her hanky the other day?

Dan Mullen has his baby daughter, Judy, home from the hospital. Incidentally, she was named Judith because Dan's other two little girls always call their dolls Judy, so it was decided to carry it on to a real doll.

The Tabulating Department has a new man, recently acquired from the Tab Department of the Occidental Life Insurance Co. He is on the graveyard shift and his name is Tom Glass. Yes, girls, he is single.

Gertrude Fraser listening to a tale of woe. She is a good listener, too. Dan Pinck and Mrs. Miller figuring out a stack of journal vouchers.

It took a sweet looking blonde to get F. Galvin Woody's mind away from his no-smoking bet made with Dale. The bet is for six months!

Did you know George Hellgren could sing? Lillian Ginsberg thinks he has a pretty good voice.

Henriette Altman just finished knitting a dress, but is afraid to wear it to the office because of its "perfect fit." Maybe she is saving it for the celebrity she nearly knocked over at the Cafe de Paris doorway.

GROUP INSURANCE



By OLLIE PAINTER

Barbara Reed has the reputation of being an excellent COOK.

Charley Hall pulled the best wisecrack of the golf tournament when Arthur Treacher topped his drive on the first tee. Charley yelled "Run it out."

Captain Roy Greer felt that his hat was pretty heavy one day last week, and upon inspection of the inside band, found that someone, probably Frank LaCroix, had filled it with solid tinfoil.

Dale Garrett stubbed his toe on a ready tee going down the tenth fairway.

The golfers who played in the studio tournament at Rancho on May 8th should return all the golf balls with red stripes painted on them.

Jackie Fields has withdrawn from the studio competition for the best dressed man. Says there is too much payoff, but he should be reconciled by the fact that Orville Stewart lost 11 points when he asked for advice as to how two-toned shoes looked with green trousers and a red necktie.

Tom Pryor with a "garrison" finish won the May competition.

This is Anna Mae Hart's month to have her teeth fixed.

Ray Dannenbaum always rolls up his trousers when about to go on a Sonja Henie set, so as not to get any snow in the cuffs.

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